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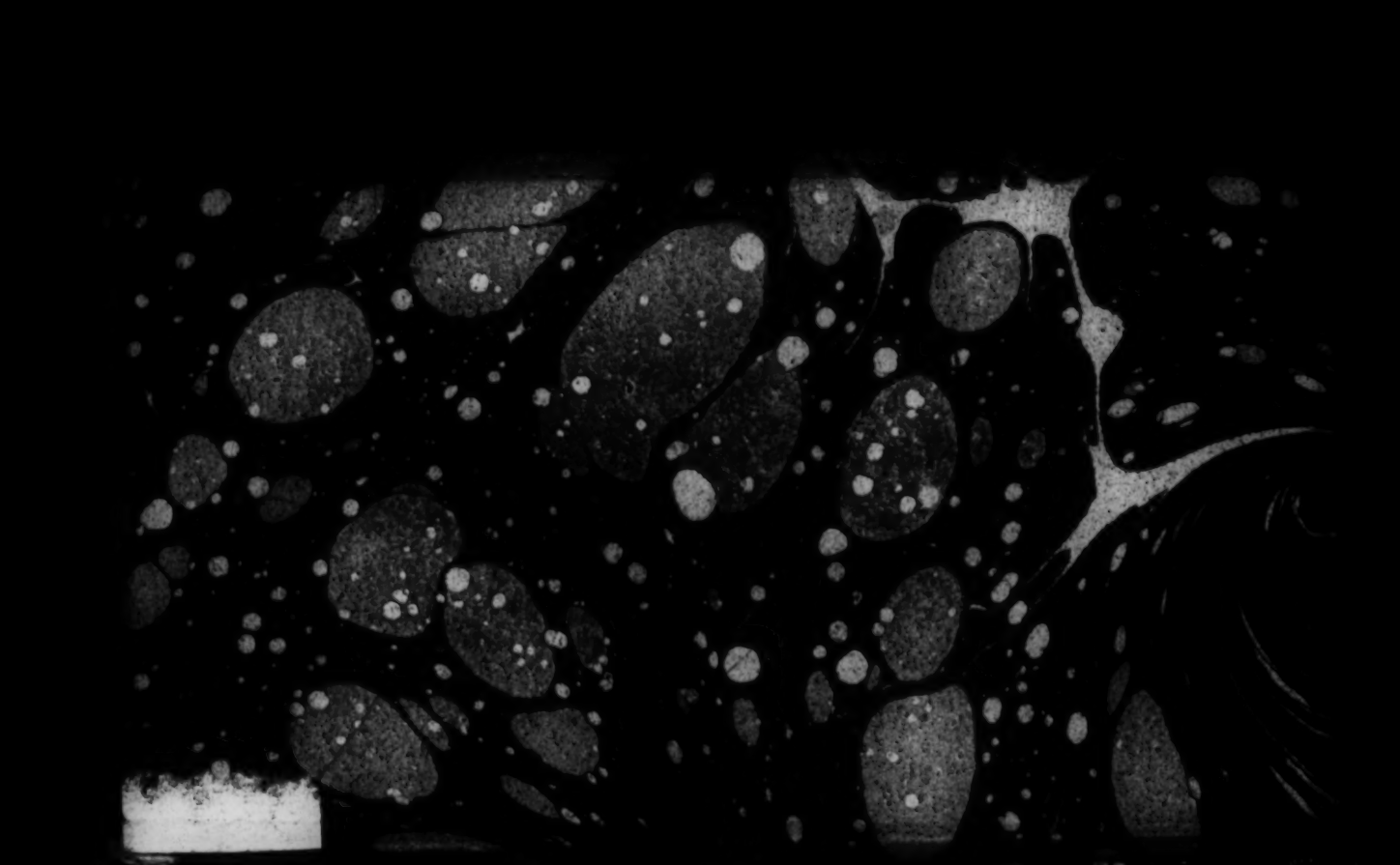

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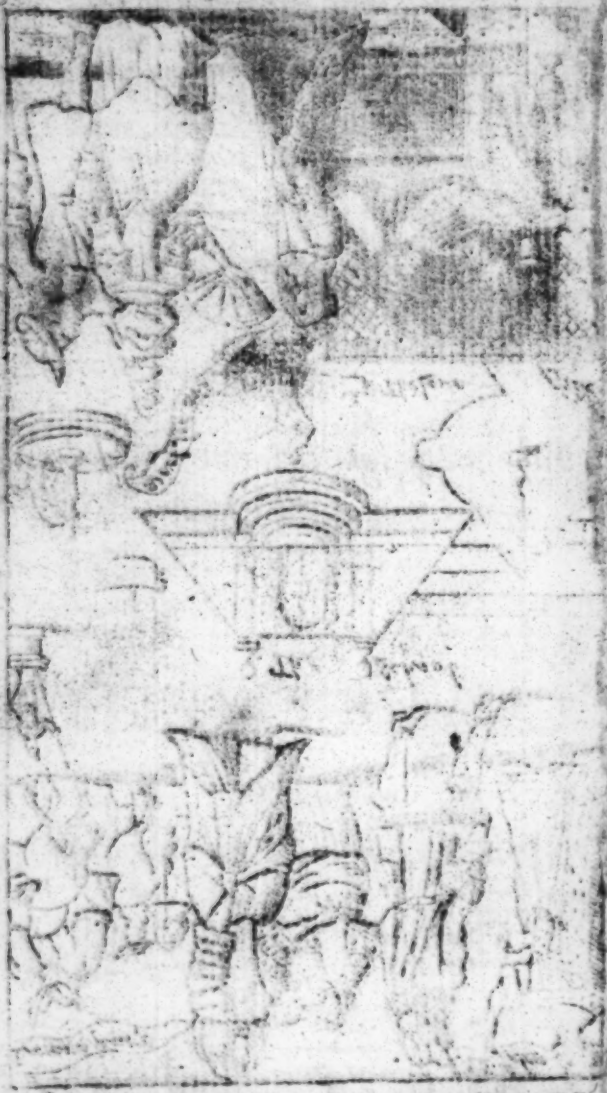
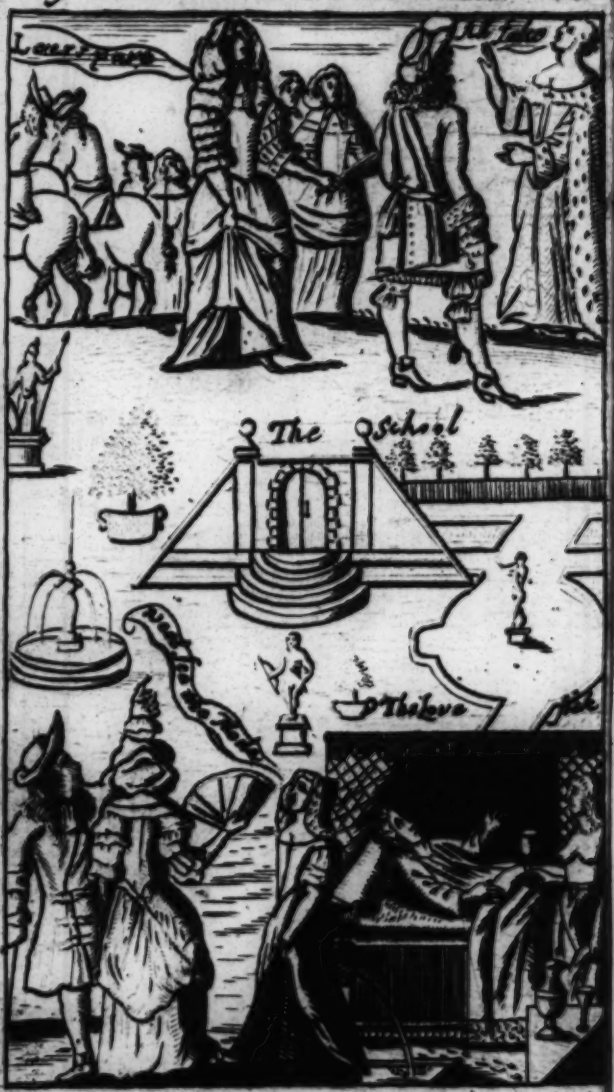


PEARLES of ELOQVENCE
or ye SCHOOL of COMPLEMENTS.



PEARLS OF ELOQUENCE: OR THE SCHOOL OF COMPLEMENTS.

WITH A

Concise and Brief Description of **Beauty, Virtue, Love** and **Eloquence.**

Compos'd for the Improvement of Young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who desire to adorn their Writing and Discourse with Amorous Expressions, and Rhetorical Flourishes: As also an Additional Supplement of Songs, Sonnets, Poems and Letters, Serious, Complemental, Amorous, Jocular and Proverbial.

The Fifth Edition, with Amendments, and an Exact Table of the Contents.

London, Printed for *W. L.* and are to be Sold by *S. Walsal*, at the *Heart* and *Bible* in *Cornhil*, near the *Royal Exchange*. 1685.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

To all Young

LADIES,

AND

GENTLEWOMEN.

Ladies and Gentlewomen,

ELoquence is the Embelliſhment of Speech, the Beſt and Richeſt Robes that the Iſ-

ſue of the Tongue or Pen can be Cloath'd in. 'Tis an Ornament to Gray-Hairs, and an admir'd Qualification in Green-Heads of both Sexes, tho' moſt Charming in the Female. It is no ſmall Commendation for a Perſon to be well-worded, and apply fit and addapted Words to pertinent Matter. Nothing is More Alluring than good Language; Nothing can withſtand the Charms of a Florid Diſcourſe, or Harangue, but Stupidity, or Ignorance. Hiſtory abounds with the miraculous Effects wrought by the Quill of a Roman Cicero,

cero, and Grecian Demoſthenes. Nor are they Barren of the Wonders wrought upon the Rude and Inexorable Rabble, by an Eloquent and Perſwaſive Oration. In this ſmall Tract you have Directions both for Diſcourſe and Writing, and the Way and Means to attain an Accompliſhment in Inditing Letters, and Adorning Speech with the Flowers of Rhetorick. Peruſe it without Prejudice, and you may ſoon reap the Benefit and Advantage thereof to Perfection. I ſhall detain you no longer, but only take my leave of you with this; Per-

uſe it, and Proſper; Read it, and be ſucceſsful in your deſigned Accompliſhment; which is, the

Cordial Deſire of

Your Humble Servant,

T. W.

AN

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PEARL S

PEARLS of ELOQUENCE: OR, THE SCHOOL OF COMPLEMENTS.

SIR, Your Conceptions are ſo ſtrong, that they ſurpaſs my thoughts.

Sir, You honour me ſo far, that I imagine my ſelf to be ſome other than I am, or have been, which can be nothing elſe but your obliged Servant.

Sir, I do repute my ſelf happy to be valued by a perſon who is able to give a true eſtimate of me.

Sir, Your infallible judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, ſince in you alone are found all

thoſe felicities and perfections that can be ſought for upon earth.

Sir, Your deſerts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath over-power'd the weakneſs of my fancy, ſince the exquiſite perfections of your vertues are cha-racter'd in my heart.

Sir, If you proceed to be ſo profuſe of your treaſures, Mines of gold will not main-tain your prodigal expences.

Good Sir, give me leave to fear, leſt ſome ſiniſter ſtorms of fortune, ſtifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, the toyiſh conceits of your youth, are unfit for the grave thoughts of my age.

Sir, There is a confuſed Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am loſt in ſuch an endleſs Labyrinth, that neither choice, nor chance can draw me out of it.

Give me leave, Sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwiſe all the treaſures of the earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus exceſ-ſive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirrour of an im-moderate life.

Be not ſo inconſtant in your affection, leſt in the concluſion you prove like the Marigold; to open at the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, and ſhut at the leaſt appearance of the clouds of ad-verſity.

Theſeus his fair one, did never more triumph

at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of ſuch cruel beauty.

Fortune and Fate, place thee among their earthly felicities.

So rarely accompliſht, that it was hard to know whether virtue or beauty held ſupremacy in ſo noble a ſtructure.

Sir, Being moved by your ſingular commendations, I am perſwaded to commit the chiefeſt treaſures of my life and fortunes to her ſolely.

Pardon my rudeneſs, fair creature, ſince neither fate nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are Puſilanimous.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, than refuſe to act any thing you ſhall command me.

Sir, I have ever reſpected you, as an extraordinary perſon, and paſſionately remained yours.

Sir, I am ſo taken with you, that I languiſh at the relation of your indiſpoſition.

Sir, I ſhall not be backward in the expreſſion of your merits, ſince they ſo deſervedly exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You ſhall never be able to accuſe this tenet as erroneous, ſince I have never falſified my ſelf to you; but ever thought my ſelf perfectly happy to be reputed yours.

Be careful, fair one, leſt (being led captive by ſecurity) your mind float in the ſurges of idle conceits, whilſt the gales of voluptuous plea-

ſures, or the ſtifling ſtorms of unbridled fancie, with raging blaſts, make a ſhipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courteſies with an unwearied conſtancy in the ways of virtue.

Sir, The trumpet of your royal fame hath moved us (who are but ſubjects of your generous liberality) with all humility to entertain ſuch noble and heroick favour caſt upon us, poor creatures, moſt unworthy of the leaſt of ſuch benefits.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being Complemental, or returning you commendations for your worthy Favours.

Madam, were you as wiſe as *Minerva*, or as ſtately as *Juno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being caſt up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eye of your Lover.

Coy one, what happineſs enſued the chaſtity of *Penelope!* nay rather, what miſeries purſued not the virtues of a *Lucretia!* How wretched are they then that deal with *Venus* or *Diana*, who can ſo eaſily tranſform men into beaſts!

Blame me not, fair one, tho' my fixed fancies, once abuſed, turn into a fury.

By thoſe ſmiles of your beauty, your creature that before was plunged into a perplexity is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Miſtriſs, pardon my rudeneſs for troubling thus raſhly your muſing meditations.

Certainly Madam, if the gods (as Poets ſay

made

made beauty, they did undeifie themſelves, ſince they framed it of greater force than they themſelves were able to reſiſt.

Fair one, let the ſhowers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my paſſion.

Cruel one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy by mutual affection, give me leave at leaſt to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, ſuffer your ſervant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, tho' he by your rigour be ſentenced to death.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection, and now to vow my ſervice to *Venus* is impoſſible, ſince I have already devoted my ſelf to *Diana*.

Sir, Whoſoever readeth the records of the faithleſs proteſtations of men, their perjur'd promiſes, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abuſed, a *Medea* mock't, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your virtue and beauty by a ſtronger power than that of fate or fortune, is deeply inſhrined in my heart.

Be pleas'd at laſt (fair beauty) to accept me for your ſlave and ſervant, and admit me into your favour, that I may freely enjoy the ſight of your ſweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Faireſt, If my affection merits no more from you then I have done, no other choice remains but to die deſperately, or live miſerably.

Madam, There is a civil aſſault within me, by which I feel a certain reſtraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impoſſible, faireſt of Women, for any one to view your features, and not be ſetter'd with the power of your virtuous qualities.

Miſtriſs, I feel ſuch an alienation of my ſenſes, ſuch a metamorphoſis of my mind, that it is impoſſible for me to become any other than a ſervile Vaſſal to Love.

How can I fear to enter into a parley with *Cupid*, faireſt creature, ſince there is ſuch hope left of victory, by the happy preſage of your auſpicious ſmiles at the beginning of our amorous conflict.

Sir, If I may continue to ſhare in your favours, there ſhall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more proud of their fortunes than my ſelf, who really am your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, ſince you are ordained for the ſervice of Kings, and conduct of people.

Sir, That which others call vertue is the natural habit of your worthy perſon.

Suppoſe not I uſe the Court-language, when I aſſure you I am more yours, than any man living:

Sir, When I forget to confeſs my ſelf yours, you may juſtly think I ſuffer a perpetual ſilence, ſince whilſt I have a Tongue, I proteſt my ſelf to be your affectionate Servant.

Sir, I will make uſe of all occaſions, to teſtifie how paſſionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me,

me, but only the glory of humility and obedience.

I ſhould ſhew my ſelf inſenſible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curioſity of your beauty.

Sir, Your heroick qualities ſhine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, they that do undervalue the comelineſs of your perſon, dare rob Nature, bereave Lillies of their Beauty, and the Chryſtal of his clearneſs.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be eſteemed as vices in compariſon of yours.

Extremities are in other things reprovable, in this laudable, ſince they force me to confeſs my ſelf yours.

Sir, Theſe fine words and quaint diſcourſes, with which your Ladies are delighted, iſſue from their mouths, as a pure and innocent breath perfum'd with kiſſes.

Sir, You go through all employments with as good fortune as noble reſolutions; neither can there be any thing above your ſpirit, ſince all things ſtoop to do you honour.

Love, art thou but a vain name, and no eſſential thing, that haſt thus left thy profeſſed Servant, when he hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence? what is Muſick to me, but a doleful voice, accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighs? O Love! Wilt thou now at laſt offer me Phyſick, which art my only poiſon; wilt thou do me ſervice, which long ſince haſt brought me into eternal ſlavery?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſs wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions?

If thou art fair, is it to repreſent thee too cruel? If thou canſt command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? To be beautiful and yet terrible, are things incomparible, things that imply contradiction: yet even againſt the Laws of Nature thou deſtroy'ſt Nature, and where thou maiſt raiſe thee ſtructures to thy perpetual honour, thou ruin'ſt them. Moſt certain it is, fair Creature, thy love may make me ſacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may puniſh that body which hath ſo unjuſtly wounded my once free and ſerene mind: But alas! wherein canſt thou Glory? Not in thy Beauty, for that will vail it ſelf at ſo black an act: Not in my ruins, for they will purſue thee with ſome direful revenge. Bluſh then, fair one, ſince to be coy is to be cruel; to be cruel is to alter the property of what thou art, beautiful. Faireſt, be no longer ſo great an enemy to my deſires as to impriſon them in ſilence. I cannot expreſs the leaſt diſobedience to your commands, but rather hope my paſt diſpleaſures may deſerve pity, if not my future ſervices a reward.

It is a ſin to ſuſpect ſuch vertue, which glories to arm it ſelf againſt all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it ſelf, and a beauty that gloryes to condemn others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the uſe of the one may reſtrain the abuſe of the other, whilſt we your Servants live to admire your perfections,

ſections, and you your ſelf ſurvive to perfect your vertues.

Perfection of my deſires, with one determinate anſwer bleſs me, or ſilence my long continued ſuit.

That my deſires to enjoy you are more than to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cauſe being your exceſſive beauty.

By the memory of our fore-paſt affections; by the oaths of our yet continued love; by whatſoever is vertuous, credit me.

In him (it ſeems) Nature was not miſtaken, ſince whatſoever was in man was epitomiz'd in him.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit ſhould ſo far exceed your age.

Is it not ſtrange (O thou cruelleſt of Women) that thoſe eyes of thine ſhould ſtrike him with terror, who ſtands unmov'd with the ſight of the moſt ghaſtly countenance of death?

The very Image of your countenance, and outward expreſſions of your behaviour, are ſuitable to the vertuous reſolutions of your mind.

Faireſt, Grant me this happineſs, to have my poor affections raiſed to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of Love leads me into this diſcourſe, in which I am not ſo unfortunate, as full of deſires to be more happy.

Sir, Tho' I were to paſs through all the

ſplendors of the World, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never teach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in reſpect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which ſhe hath made no promiſe of any mediocrity; by the diſtribution of which rare perfections, ſhe hath rendered you lovely to the world, and fit for the ſervice of the greateſt Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination which you ſpeak in ſuch high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy ſhould I think my ſelf, were the Characters of your virtues imprinted in my Breaſt by a more continued acquaintance?

Sir, I have an intereſt in your proſperity, ſo far, that I will complain of fortune, ſo you have an occaſion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, You know your ſelf too well to ſuſpect me of flattery.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to ſuppoſe that there could be any room left for you to entertain a Woman of ſo many imperfections as my ſelf.

The contemplation of your Virtues amazeth me.

Sir, I find in you whatſoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, You are the Man whom the neceſſities of the State require.

All Spirits will prove favourable unto you, ſince you have convinced them by your merits.

Your

Your generous diſpoſition hath permitted me a longer audience than your affairs could well permit.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wiſh my ſelf a greater happineſs than to do you ſervice.

Your Heroick acts, ſucceeding Hiſtorians ſhall crown with Laurels.

Sir, For your ſake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, There is no Happineſs on Earth, but what is included in your ſelf, or in what concerns you.

You cannot blame me tho' I hate ingratitude, ſince even beaſts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir, I ſhall fall ſick for want of ability to digeſt your favours.

Sir, Whatſoever you undertake, admit of nothing which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from the crime, of violating the chaſtity of Language.

Sir, I owe too much honour to the memory of our fore-paſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you.

Sir, For your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure pain.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modeſty, ſince you enforce me either to loſe it, or not believe you.

Sir, I am ſo far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelf, neither can any man arrive at perfection.

fection, except he be adorned with those abilities whereof I am deficient.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to express I am yours.

Sir, In requital of those Protestations you make, I am put to a stand what to answer.

Mistriss, I desire to pass my life in the pleasing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of those who slight the benefits showred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inspirations.

I have no servile dependence, but upon your conceptions, I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularities, hitherto unknown.

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my self your most humble Servant.

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end that you may appease them.

Fairest, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Sir, Suffer your self to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir,

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purge me of this offence.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you will elevate me to a more Soveraign fortune than the ſtate of Kings.

To return you Complements for ſuch excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, ſince my language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I ſhall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received.

It is the height of my deſire to be paſſionately, as I am, your moſt Faithful Servant.

My paſſions cannot ſo far tranſport me, but that I ſhall remain, as I have ever been, Yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real war againſt you, for I acknowledge my colour to be artificial, which I am ready to lay down at your pleaſure.

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-Players, are not guilty of thoſe Murthers which the darts of your eyes do moſt cruelly commit.

I am not ſo curious as to condemn the whole multitude, who have loſt themſelves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my ſelf no further in Expreſſions, leſt I diſhonour your goodneſs with my undervaluing praiſes.

Sir, My Eloquence will come too late, ſince there is no precept in all humane wiſdom, which hath not preſented it ſelf to your view.

Sir, The conſolation I have, next to the aſſurance

rance I have of my innocence, is the liberty I enjoy to profeſs my ſelf yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your Name.

Sir, I do profeſs my ſelf yours with all thoſe proteſtations which are able to make truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall deſpair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in me and them.

I never gave you a viſit, which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

You alone can conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent vertues have diſcovered to me my own imperfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, I muſt only anſwer you, that I am your Humble Servant.

Sir, There is no acknowledgement I can make, anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, The world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no ſuch men as you to maintain her honour.

Continue to expreſs your ſelf what you are; that your vertue may be it's own Recorder.

Time, that preſcribes limits to all things, pre-

preſerve your beauty to the World's end.

The Phyſicians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of blood left, to beſtow in your Service.

Sir, You are adorned with all excellent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, It is not in my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle hair, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, ſince you are as a fair proſpect, adorn'd with all pleaſures to allure the beholder.

You are the Cabinet, in which nature hath lock't all her miracles.

Tho' I receive injuries from you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit thoſe parts of the world, which avarice it ſelf hath not yet found out, rather than loſe your ſociety.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, You do ſo heap favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſeem miſerable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You do not ſo much expreſs your Wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often injur'd, does at laſt grow weary of his ſufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I deſire

to

to paſs the moſt pleaſant hours of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuſes for ſo poor a trifle, know I am no longer your Affectionate Servant.

You uſurp a more abſolute authority over Wits, than is lawful, or reaſonable.

You ſmell too much of your Musk and Amber, to expreſs your ſelf ſerious in the weight of Affairs.

Sir, My Conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among Women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and tranſcend the ſubject on which you beſtow them.

Faireſt, Let me raviſh a kiſs from your hand.

Sir, My affections ſpring not from the diſeaſes and diſtempers of my Soul, ſince my inclinations to ſerve you, have their original from Immortal Reaſon.

Miſtreſs, You have a power to infuſe love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot beſtow favours amiſs on him who hath ſearcht the ſecrets of Nature, and the depth of Philoſophy, that he may not appear Ingrateful.

Sir, You muſt give me leave to admire your Judgment, which appears to be far more excellent than your Fortune.

Sir, You vary your ſhape, and change your perfumes according to the diverſity of ſeaſons.

Let it pleaſe you out of your nobleneſs, to afford me to be your Graces, moſt Obedient and Faithful Servant. Sir,

Sir, You have all thoſe excellent qualities that are neceſſary in a Prince.

Sir, I meaſure the neceſſities and fatalities of this World by your content or diſcomfort.

Sir, In this exigence of my Fortune, I am forc'd to admire your virtues, ſince you ſtill ſet ſo high a value on your Creature, who is loſt to all men but your ſelf.

Sir, Your goodneſs is as unlimited, as my deſire to ſerve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature beſtows on her moſt glorious Creatures.

Sir, I ſpeak this ſeriouſly with my beſt ſence; you may reduce me to any form.

All who have either Eyes or Souls, muſt place them on ſo deſerving an Object.

Faireſt, Caſt one glance of pity on me, leſt you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aſpect of your Eyes, which are to me the Ambaſſadors of Life and Death.

Sir, You are the emblem of terror, and your furious looks are able to conſume a Woman.

Faireſt, Let not your heavenly beauty, ſeated in its Royal Majeſty, draw forth the ſword of diſdain, to the ruin of your Creature.

Rare Creature, ſince I am the pattern of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miſeries that oppreſs me.

Sir, I dare not enter the liſts with you, in reſpect of your elegancy of ſpeech, for when I would become moſt perſwaſive in my language,

I appear moſt barbarous in my expreſſions.

All your Rhetorical Arguments are but like blue Flowers amongſt the Corn; which tho' they may ſeem pleaſant to the eye, prove moſt unwholſome to the body.

Sir, I ſhall always acknowledge your artificial language to be like a Gentlewoman adorn'd with Rubies and Diamonds, which gliſter upon her garments, whilſt ſhe her ſelf wants the eyes both of body and mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the powers of the Planets, or reſiſt the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can repell theſe affections.

I am yours, ſir, and will be yours in deſpight of Fate and Fortune.

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquiſite vertues have ſo aſſaulted the Fort of my Phancy, that I muſt of neceſſity reſign my ſelf up to you, as a Trophy of your Victories.

Miſtreſs, Since *Cupid* doth ſo fitly favour the cauſes of his Clients, let us not ſlip ſo happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wiſhes of a poor Mortal may be heard above, I queſtion not but Heaven with felicities will Crown your deſerts.

Madam, Tho' I have not hitherto by dutiful ſervices made manifeſt the loyalty of my heart, yet ſince I firſt framed in my fancy, as in a mirour, the ſhape of your ſurpaſſing beauty, with all humility I have caſt my ſelf and fortunes at your feet.

Faireſt, There is no perſon upon Earth doth with a more loving duty, reverence your perſon and vertues than I do. Madam,

Madam, In consideration of my poor fortunes, let my affection appear so much the more excusable, since I so far esteem of your divine beauty, and exquisite vertue, as I would think my self most unworthy, Tho' I were Prince of the World, to possess your heavenly perfection, in respect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know, that it is the Religion of Lovers to swear and forswear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the cool shades more pleasant; and the frowns of Lovers make their smiles more delightful and chearful.

Sir, She who builds her phancy upon fading subjects, ties her honour to the unconstant wheel of Fortune.

Madam, The beams of your sun-like beauty, with their lively lustre and sparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, In the shady darkness of this Arbour, you seem like a Heaven enamelled with an infinite number of Stars.

Fair one, whilst Mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplendent eyes shall (as the day light) serve them for the dispatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the web of our destinies hath passed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and use not to entertain any friends with dreams and illusions.

Sir, This your inhumane usage of your Creature shall never seem strange to me, since the most

moſt fervent affections of the World, oftentimes degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Faireſt, Thoſe eminent qualities which Nature, as a Dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers, ſpread themſelves by the rays of your bright Beauty, cauſing thoſe Courtſhips, Services and Admirations which ſo ſweetly adorn you.

Miſtreſs, Ladies of Honour to expreſs the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the tombs of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, If I am conſum'd by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes kindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exerciſe not the extremity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries under the faiſe title and quality of an Offender.

Sir, theſe glorious Progreſſions of your Vertues will at laſt mount you to the higheſt pitch of Admiration.

Madam, Shut not theſe eyes from the light of your Beauty, leſt they be perpetually opened to Tears.

Madam, it is impoſſible you ſhould ever draw to you a Reputation of Honour, ſigned with the Effuſion of my blood.

Fair One, when my Soul ſhall be ſeparated from my Body, it ſhall every where wait on your purified Spirit, as a ſhadow.

Fair One, Tho' Death may ſeparate our lives, yet Love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the Immortality of our Affections,

ons, by the Immortality of our Souls.

Madam, Seated thus on your fair pavillion, you appear like refolendent day, in the attire of Majeſty abſolutely Royal.

Madam, Your goodly nature, well-proportion'd body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port, and grave carriage of your perſon, all theſe ſpeak you to be a real branch, ſprung from ſome Royal Stemm.

Fair One, Your Hair negligently diſhevel'd, and careleſs attire, grace your Beauty, which ſhines in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles, as the Sun in a winter-day.

Fair Creature, call not thoſe eyes down, neither colour your face with modeſt bluſhes, ſince it would appear moſt admirable, that your Virtues ſhould find Fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I deſire to end my daies on the Theatre of Kings, in their glorious ſervices.

Madam, Heaven hath created me ſuch a one as you ſee, full of good will, tho' of ſlender Fortune.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one ſoul divided into two bodies, and ſince our amities have taken root in a mutual temperance and correſpondency of humours, we have maintain'd in us a continual familiarity, which neither Death nor Hell can ever ſeparate.

Faireſt, Our Breaſts ſhall be ever interchangeably tranſparent.

Fair One, Diſſimulation or Contradiction can-

cannot approach the ſincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, Let me embrace you with the openneſs of my heart and love, that our ſouls may evaporate themſelves into one another.

Sir, Your favours recreate me, and give me a new being.

Sir, I ſhall never pretend a right to any Honour in the World, but only to obey your commands.

Miſtreſs, The grace of ſpeech dwells on your fair lips.

Faireſt, Theſe Eyes of mine are but Emblems of tears mixt with Love.

Madam, Spread not that Cyprus Vail over your face, leſt you benight your beauty, and darken the bright Rayes of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a Divinity left on Earth to be known and be loved of Mortals.

A Deſcription of Beauty.

IT is Beauty only creates her Queen; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature, ſeeing ſhe hath made thee Man, make not thy ſelf a Woman.

Your Beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort reign; you cannot call it your own; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

A feature that excells all mortal ſenſe.

Such

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a feaſt of Love.

Her Body doth repreſent thoſe fields of peace that Poets ſing of in *Elizium*.

She lay like eclipſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſs, till he drew the Curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her beauty forth with bluſhing braveries, with the wonders of her beauty, mortal eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made only for admiration, to be ador'd of Men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Firmament.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

Choice and fair Flowers *ſelected out of the* Garden *of* Eloquence, *to adorn our Language with variety of* Expreſſions *upon ſeveral Occaſions.*

Upon Abſence.

I Shall no longer eſteem my ſelf abſent from you, whilſt I hold any room in your heart and memory.

Let thoſe dull Clods of Earth, not yet informed

formed with true Promethean fire, measure affection by their Miles or Acres; We, whose souls are cast in a more pure Mold, by a most subtile penetration and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure freedom in one anothers wishes, and in the greatest distance are cherished with a virtual contiguity.

It is a brutish love, and wants the quickning fire of Reason, that can by circumstances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our Affections, shall (like more glorious Pyramids) burn bright, and light our souls, tho' thus seemingly disjoyned, to our daily and mutual embraces.

Let not my remoteness change your purposes, more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live yours.

Protestations of Love.

IT is as impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget it's ordinary course.

I am so ravished with your Beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than resolve to dye, and know certainly, that I shall still be rather content, and dispos'd to consent to the hatred of my self, than to the love of any other object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your Divine Beauty im-

print-

printed in my heart: Not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine alſo; for I am to you as an accent, ſo inſeparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in ſo much duty, had I not directed it to ſo fair a mark: But the favour of your affection is that to which I ſacrifice my beſt endeavours.

Nothing ſhall remove from my heart (but Death it ſelf) the fair image of your divine beauty.

Death it ſelf ſhall here ſtand vaſſal, and pay homage to your more powerful darts, when every quickning glance from you ſhall add new life as he deſtroys the old.

In Admiration of Her Goodneſs.

IT is your goodneſs that hath ſupplyed my ſmall merit, which could not have dared to promiſe me the favours which you can afford me.

The goodneſs of your Soul is ſo clear and bright, that ſin dares not approach too near, for fear of diſcovering its own deformity.

You need not ſeek for your Inheritance, when

the rich evidence of your vertue entitles you to Heaven.

I wonder not to ſee ſo many Bankrupts in goodneſs, when I find the ſtock of Vertue reſts alone in you.

Theſe noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a deſert in me, they are ſo much beyond my All.

On Her leaving Him.

LOvers in deſpight of abſence, loſe not the remembrance of their Love; they are as the flowers, which (though trod on) do reſume their luſtre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goeſt away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my Heart thou ſtill remaineſt; yet I muſt ſhed ſome tears, which like the Morning dew, or *April*-ſhowers, ſhall make the ſpringride of our Love (though by the Winter covered) grow freſh and green again.

To forſake me, when your company is dearest to me, is no ſign of true friendſhip, which parts not at death it ſelf, ſince Love remains for ever.

Pity me in all thoſe ſorrows which the apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already ſo miſerably to feel.

To Accuſe in a Letter.

IT is better to Love with Severity, than to deceive with Sweetneſs.

I expected a *Cordial*, but received a *Corroſive*. Your bitter-ſweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pills (though Sugar'd over) I found an unwelcome operation. I receiv'd thy Letter, but I muſt chide thee, (ſweet) Another cloſe from thy fair Hand will make me Surfeit: You frowned when laſt we parted, and by that Cloud you bid me expect a Storm; it is a double Bliſs thus ſweetly to be deceiv'd; you frown indeed, but a thouſand *Cupids* lodge themſelves in every wrinkle of your brow.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear to you doth force and by its authority draw all theſe words from my Heart and Mouth.

Miſtriſs, The Bees are not hated for their ſtings, no more ſhould you hate me for the ſharpneſs of my Expreſſions.

We muſt not praiſe our ſelves for being better than the worſt, but rather blame our ſelves for being worſe than the beſt; ſince then I fail in my merits, give me leave to mourn for my imperfections.

FAREWELL.

ADieu, fair Sun of my Life, I leave you for this preſent; but be alwayes aſſured, that

my mind and desires shall never depart from you.

Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewel, nor how to finish this Discourse, which once ended, our disconsolate departure follows.

Wo is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, losing (with the happiness of your sight) the most perfect object of perfection.

Farewel, Madam, be alwayes fortunate, whilst I shall languish unhappy, though most constant.

Expressions of Affection.

YOu can never do so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the Faith I have imposed in you, will prove far greater.

Mistress, You are the first to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered, and shall (if you please) be the last that shall have the last possession of it.

Do but let me once discover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetual silence if you please.

You are the Eye of my Eyes, and Thought of my Thoughts, the Life of my Love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Bear well in mind my Affection, that tho' I be removed from your fair Eyes, I may not be so far from your favours.

The Lovers Impreſſion of Conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtability and ſtedfaſtneſs, that my Loyalty and Love ſhall inſeparably wait upon you.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that I have as good a heart to die for you, as a mind and deſire to Live, and Love you.

I ſhall make it appear to after-times, that I am the man who for your ſake have made my ſelf an invincible Rock of ſtedfaſtneſs; for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtir from me till my laſt gaſp.

Upon Her Affability and Courteſie.

IT is your Courteſie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature hath denied me.

Your Courteſie will force the moſt rigid *Cato* to turn your Proſelite, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub, enamoured with your Beauty.

Each part above you ſhines with a peculiar Grace; but in your mild behaviour they all concenter.

Upon your Brow Beauty and Honour ſit enthron'd, whence in your ſtately Carriage they diſpenſe their powerful Laws.

It is out of your generous diſpoſition you wiſh me well, as it is of duty that I honour you.

Upon a Lover's *Fear.*

LOvers live alwayes in more Fear than Hope, and will ſooner conceive of their Sorrows, than hear of their Joyes.

Lady, I have juſt cauſe to fear, leſt by placing my Love upon an Object either too violent, or too much diſtant, my Senſe may be deceived: You far tranſcend my Deſerts, but my Deſires lie Captive at your Feet; one Beam from your bright Eye will kindle them a-new, and add a new Vigour to me your languiſhing Proſtrate.

The fear I have leſt my ſlender Merit ſhould take away your good Opinion of me doth in a ſort make all thoſe Joyes imperfect, which my ſweeteſt Thoughts made me judge ſo full and entire.

On her Deſires.

FAireſt, be but as deſirous of my Content, as I am of your Service.

My deſires make me as careful to pleaſe you, as I am bound by Duty, and compell'd by Inclination to ſerve you.

I wiſh Heaven that gave me the boldneſs of Deſire, had likewiſe graced me with Deſerts.

To Give, or Preſent.

THis I dedicate, conſecrate, and offer up unto you with the ſame Heart wherewith I vowed you my Service.

Your Bounty hath furniſheth me with Power, and your Example with Will: Accept therefore this ſmall Preſent gleaned from your plentiful Harveſt, which ſhall ever teſtifie to the ungrateful World how much I glory to proclaim aloud the cauſe of my Welfare.

I ſhould be ignorant and ungrateful too, ſhould I preſume to think it worthy your acceptance, when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your eſteem.

The Maſs of all my Wealth made up together, diſclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it up, and in the ſtrong Indentures of Loyalty, I bind my ſelf your Apprentice.

I had rather preſent you with ſome ſmall thing, and ſo be reputed ignorant, than ungrateful. Regard more the Affection than the Merit of the Gift; and to accept it, not as a thing of Deſert, but as a Teſtimony of good Will.

Complements.

SWeet Miſtreſs, I could not (without making my ſelf guilty of Irreverence) ſpeak otherwiſe to you than in a way of Praiſe.

I value Love in all, but (fair Lady) moſt in you, where I find it richly ſitting on the neck of Honour.

Fair one, ſuch is the galled Condition of the Age, that ſhould my feeble *Encomiums* preſume to touch a little at what your Beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt Title I ſhould gain for my true meaning, would be Paraſite.

Madam, Let others daub and flatter, I'le not give over to draw true Lines, but maugre all their painting, will proclaim you aloud Vertuous and Fair.

In a word, Madam, to live with you, is to live with all the Graces; for Nature hath made you the Example of all her Liberalities.

Madam, I will put it upon the File of thankful Remembrance, and regiſter it for a ſingular Act of your Beneficence.

A Lady and a Knight.

SIr, ſay not you love, unleſs you do,
For lying will not honour you.

His Anſwer.

MAdam, I love, I love to lye,
And will not lye unleſs by you:
You ſay I lye, I ſay you.

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

A Lover's *Paſſion for loſs of his Miſtreſs.*

WHere ſhall I find that melancholy Muſe
That never heard of any thing but Moan?
And read that Paſſion that her Pen doth uſe
When ſhe and Sorrow ſadly ſit alone? (tell,
To tell the World more than the World can
That ſit's indeed moſt fitly figur'd Hell.

Let me not think once of the ſmalleſt thought,
Nay, ſpeak of Love, then of the greateſt grief;
Where every Lover with ſorrows over-wrought,
Live but in death, deſpairing of relief. (ſunder
While thus my Heart with Torments torn a-
May of the World be call'd the woful wonder.

The day's like night, all darken'd in diſtreſs,
Pleaſure becomes a ſubject unto pain;
The Spirit's over-preſs'd with heavineſs,
While helpleſs horrour vexeth every vein; (par'd
Death ſhakes her dart, grief hath my grave pre-
Yet to more ſorrow is my Spirit ſpar'd.

The Owly eyes that can't endure the light,
The *Raven's ſong* that ſoundeth nought but death,
The Cockatrice that killeth with her ſight,
The poyſon'd Air that choaks the *ſweeteſt* breath:
Thunders and Earthquakes all together met,
Theſe tell a little how my Life is ſet.

Were woes diſſolv'd to ſighs, and ſighs to tears,
And every tear a torment of the mind;
The minds diſtreſs unto the deadly fears,
That find more death than death it ſelf can find:
Death to that life that living can deſery
A little more yet of my miſery.

Put all the woes of all the World together,
Sorrow and Death ſet down in all their pride;
Let miſery bring all her Muſes hither,
With all the horrour that the Heart may hide:
Then read the ſtate but of my diſmal ſtory,
And ſay my grief hath gotten ſorrows glory.

For Nature's ſickneſs ſometime may have eaſe,
Fortune (tho' fickle) ſometime is a friend;
The mind's affection Patience may appeaſe,
And Death's the cauſe that many torments end.

And

And welcome Death when 'tis the only eaſe
Of grief, of ſorrow, and of all diſeaſe.

To ſhew the nature of my pain, alas!
Pain hath no nature to deſcry my pain;
But where that pain it ſelf in pain doth paſs,
Think on vexation ſo in ev'ry vein.
That hopeleſs, helpleſs, endleſs pain may tell,
Save Hell it ſelf but mine there is no Hell.

If ſuch love be a ground of deadly grief,
Conſuming care hath caught me by the Heart;
If want of comfort; hopleſs of relief,
Be further woe, ſo weigh my inward ſmart:
If love's unkindneſs, ſo my grief is grounded;
If cauſeleſs wronged, ſo my heart is wounded.

If love refuſed, ſo read on my ruin:
If truth diſgraced, ſo my ſorrow moved:
If faith abus'd, the ground my ſorrow grew in;
If vertue ſcorned, ſo my death approved.
If death delaying, ſo my heart perplexed;
If living, dying, ſo my Spirit vexed.

My Infant-years miſpent in childiſh toyes,
My riper years in rules of little reaſon;
My better years in all miſtaken Joyes:
My preſent time (O moſt unhappy ſeaſon!)
In fruitleſs labour and in endleſs love:
O what a horrour hath my life to prove!

I ſigh to ſee my Infancy miſpent,
I mourn to find my youthful Life miſled;

I weep to feel my farther diſcontent,
I dye to try how love is living dead:
I ſigh, I mourn, I weep, I living dye,
And yet muſt live to ſhew more miſery.

The hunted Hart ſometime doth leave the Hound
My heart, alas! doth never leave the chaſe;
The live Hounds line ſometime is yet unſound;
My hands are hopeleſs of ſo high a grace.
Summer reſtores what Winter doth deprive;
But my Love withered, never can revive.

I cannot figure ſorrows in conceit,
Sorrow exceeds all figures in our ſenſe;
But on my woe even ſorrows all may wait,
To ſee a note exceed their excellence.
Let me conclude, to ſee how I am wounded,
Lovers themſelves are in their love confounded.

But whence proceeds this Paſſion of the pain
That thus perplexeth every other part?
Whence is the humour of this hateful vein,
That damps the ſpirit, and conſumes the heart?
O let my ſoul with bitter tears confeſs,
It is the ground of all unhappineſs.

If lack of Love, I am the note of need,
If lack of Friends, no faith on Earth remains;
If lack of Health, ſee how my ſoul doth bleed:
If lack of Pleaſure, look upon my pains.
If lack of *love*, of *friends*, of *health* and *pleaſure*;
ſay then my ſorrow muſt be out of meaſure.

Mea-

Meaſure! no meaſure meaſure can my thought,
But that one love that is beyond all meaſure;
Which knowing how my Grief hath now been wrought,
Can bring her Love into the higheſt pleaſure:
And muſt my ſorrows either cut off quite,
Or never let me think upon delight.

There is a lack that tells me of a Life,
There is a loſs that tells me of a Love;
Betwixt them both a ſtate of ſuch a ſtrife,
As makes my Spirit ſuch a paſſion prove;
That lack of one, and th'other's loſs, alas!
Makes me the woful'ſt wretch that ever was.

On a Beautiful and Fair Lady, called my Lady MAY, *and her dear Love Mr.* FIELD.

THis is the ſweet and pleaſant Month of *May*,
Which cloaths the *Field* in his moſt rich array;
Adorning him with colours better dy'd
Than any King can wear, than any Bride.
But *May* is almoſt ſpent, the *Field* grows dun,
With gazing over-much on *May*'s hot Sun.
Vouchſafe, O *Zephyrus*, thy gentle Wind,
And you, O Floods, unto the *Field* be kind.
Diſtil your hony'd drops, his heat to lay,
Or elſe poor *Field* will burn in midſt of *May*.

On

On a Lover's Departing.

THo' envious fortune (which could ne'r have while
As yet to grace me with one pleaſing ſmile,
But ever frowns) now to augment my grief,
Bars me my ſight, my refuge and relief;
Yet thou'ſt my heart (my dear) in ſtead of me;
And as it lives, ſo ſhall it die with thee.
Tho' I muſt part, and parting be a pain,
Keep thou my Heart till I return again:
So that in part I but depart from thee;
Thou haſt my Heart, the reſt remains with me;
Which reſt, ſmall reſt I find, till having run,
Its wonted courſe, and where it firſt begun:
What more remains? beſt thoughts ſhall thee attend;
My love in thee begun, in thee ſhall end.

Of Woman, of Women.

ARe Women fair? yea paſſing fair to ſee to;
Are Women ſweet? yea paſſing ſweet they be too:
Both fair and ſweet they be to them that love them.
Be Women proud? yea paſſing proud, and praiſe them,
Are Women kind? yea wondrous kind, and pleaſe them.

Both

Both envious and diſdainful if you move them:
More proud than wiſe, and yet we fools muſt love them.
Are Women wiſe? not wiſe, but wondrous witty.
Are Women witty? yea, the more's the pity.
They are ſo witty, and they are ſo wily,
That, being ne'r ſo wiſe, they will beguile you.
Are Women fools? not fools, but fondlings many.
Are Women Shrews? not Shrews, but ſheepiſh many.
Or if in Sheep's attire they pleaſe to cloath them,
'Tis done as Foxes do, that none may know them.
Are women Saints? no Saints, nor yet no Devils.
Are Women good? no, they are needful Evils.
So Angel-like, that Devils none need doubt them,
And yet ſo needful, none can live without them.

An Epithalamium.

NOw is that welcome night addreſt
When Love and Beauty makes a feaſt.
Let not the Bridegroom be afraid,
Tho' he encounter with a Maid:
She'l ſqueak, ſhe'l cry,
She'l fain, ſhe'l eye,
She'l fear as ſhe did tremble:

But take her, and rowſe her,
And mowſe her, and towſe her,
For ſhe doth but diſſemble.
Now Mrs. Bride, thus much to you,
The *Item* I ſhall give is true:
Young Maidens muſt not be too coy
To entertain their wiſhes joy;
But take him, and hug him,
And rug him, and lug him,
For thus true Love is try'd;
Nor be too nice in yielding things
Which muſt not be deny'd.

On the Beauty of his Miſtreſs.

BRighter than inſide Barks of new hewen Cedar,
Sweeter than flames of Fire perfum'd with Myrrh,
And comlier than the ſilver Clouds that dance
On *Zephyrus* wings, before the Queen o'th' Spring.
'Tis ſhe doth teach thoſe torches to burn bright:
It ſeems ſhe hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich Jewel in the *Æthiop*'s Ear,
Beauty too rich for uſe, for love more dear;
So doth a ſnowy Dove, trooping with Crows,
As this my Miſtreſs o're her fellows ſhows:
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r t'have moved
The chaſt *Hyppolitus* for to have loved.
In ſumme, her parts are purely white as Milk,
As ſmooth as Ivory, and as ſoft as ſilk.
O who can her perfections truely tell,
In whom alone all charming Graces dwell!

On

On her Hair.

Her hairs reflex with red ſtreaks paint the ſkies,
Stars fall to fetch freſh luſtre from her eyes;
Whilſt that thoſe golden threads play with her breath,
Shewing life's triumph in the Map of Death.

On her Locks.

Her Locks being platted like a piece of Wool,
Are full of ſweet, as ſweet of ſweets is full.

On her Forehead.

Her ſtately Front was figur'd from above,
Majeſtick, fair, well poliſh'd, high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her Face.

Such brightneſs is in her Angelick face,
As makes a Sun-ſhine in a ſhady place.

On the Colour of her Face.

Such Colour hath her Face, as when the Sun
(In Summer) his firſt riſing hath begun.

On her Eye-brows and cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies;
On either Cheek a Roſe and Lilly lies.

Ano-

Another on her Eye-brows and Breath.

Her bright brows drive the Sun to Clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Ev'ning dews fall from her Breath.

On her Eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids,
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On her Eyes.

Her Eyes, the Contradictors of the Night,
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious Light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty sparks, where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtil shafts that from his Quiver glides,
Piercing the Hearts of others, yet they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her Smiles.

Her tempting Smiles so sweet and nice
On Earth do make a Paradice.

On her Cheeks.

Her Cheeks with ripen'd Lillies steep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the Sun's decline.

Ano-

Another on the ſame.

Her Cheeks with kindly Claret ſpread,
Aurora-like new out of Bed.

On her Noſe and Breath.

Her Noſe is ſtreight, and of a comely frame;
Her Breath a ſweet perfume, and holy flame.

On her Chin.

Her Chryſtal Chin, like to the pureſt white,
Is Love's Pavilion; and the Boy's delight.

On her Ears.

On theſe *Meanders* if you gaze,
You ſoon will read a Lover's Maze.

On her Lips

Her Lips like Roſes over-waſh'd with dew,
Do by their Breath their Beauties ſtill renew.

On her Lips and Neck.

Her Lips more red than Coral-ſtone, (moan,
Her neck's more white than aged Swans that
Oh! who thoſe ruddy Lips can miſs,
Which bleſſed ſtill, themſelves do kiſs.

On her Mouth.

Sweet mouth that ſend'ſt a muſick roſie breath,
Whoſe very word darts me a living death.

On her Mouth and Teeth.

Within the compaſs of this hollow ſweet,
Thoſe Orient Ranks of ſilver Pearls do meet.

On her Breath.

She breaths forth flowers, and ſhe makes the Spring,
Perfumes the Air, and comforts every thing.

On her Tongue and Words.

Her words do fall like Summer-dews on me,
Her Tongue ſtrikes Muſick's ſweeteſt harmony.

On her Teeth.

Her Lips ne'r part, but that they ſhow
Of precious Pearl a double Row.

On her Speech.

In all her words ſuch Virtues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſophy.

On

On her Voice.

A Voice which doth the *Thruſh*'s ſhrilneſs ſtain,
And makes declining Nature young again.

On her Neck.

Her Neck's an Ivory ſhining Tower,
Or like delight that doth it ſelf devour.

On her Shoulders.

Theſe parching Squares, with ſilver skin,
Do paſs the hate-ſpot-Ermalin.

On her Arms.

Her twin-like Arms, that ſtainleſs pair,
Fit for a Kings Embraces are.

On her Hands.

Her azur'd veins do uſe to ſtray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way.
Moiſt Pearl, warm Snow, pure Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compacts do lie.

On her Fingers.

Long, ſmall, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the ſavage Tyger mute.

On her Actions.

Her deeds are like great Cluſters of ripe Grapes,
Which load the branches of the fruitful Vine,
Offering to fall into each Mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of coſtly Wine.

On her Breaſts.

Her Breaſts, thoſe Ivory Globes, circled with (blew,
Save of their Lord no bearing Yoke e're knew.

On her Paps.

Her Paps like two fair Apples in their prime,
From thoſe bleſt ſweets Love ſucks his Sum- (mer-time.

On her good Thoughts.

Her mindful Breaſts perfum'd with Frankincenſe
And Sweeteſt Odours every fainting ſenſe.

On her Waſte and Ribs.

Fitly ſo nam'd, ſince it doth waſte
Men's lives until it be embrac'd:
Her Ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious Symmetry.

On her Skin and Fleſh.

Her lovely skin is white, like Cards new preſt,
And ſnowy fleſh, as ſoft as Wool new dreſt.

On

On her Navel.

Her Love delights the wand'ring thought,
Whilſt that my eyes aſtray are brought;
Since Nature here would fain unite
In curious Circles buſie ſight.

On her Belly.

Moſt beauteous Seal of Virgins Wax,
Pity 'tis th' impreſſion lacks:
This place with joy my ſenſe doth fill,
Since 'tis entitul'd *Cupid*'s Hill.
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her Womb.

Her Maiden Womb, the *dwelling-houſe* of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he may ſearch that ſecret Treaſure.

On her Thighs.

Theſe are the Subjects that do fit
The Genius of an *Ovid*'s wit,
Whoſe Branches ſmooth as in a Glaſs,
Our *Albion* Clifts in whiteneſs paſs.

On her Knees.

Theſe Knots of Joy, and Gems of Love
With motion make all Graces move.

On

On the Calves of her Legs.

Mark well how far the Fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave Calves like Chryſtal Skies.

On the Small of her Legs.

View but her *Atlas* ſmalleſt ſmall,
More white than whiteſt bone of all.

On her Feet.

Slender and ſhort, little they are and round,
A finer pair can no where well be found.

A Taſte of his Miſtreſs's Perfections.

She hath *Venus* Lip and Eye,
With *Diana*'s Chaſtity.
In thoſe Parts I have reveal'd,
Venus Beauty is expreſt,
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd
Which my Fancy judgeth beſt.

The Concluſion.

Thus every part imparts a Grace,
And Beauty dwells in every place.

Love's Month.

May is not Love's Month, *May* is full of flowers,
But dropping *April*; Love is full of ſhowers.

A Definition of Love.

Love is a Friend, a Fire, a Heaven, a Hell,
Where pleaſure, pain, and ſad Repentance dwell.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt two Bodies liveth but one Heart.
And Lovers ſay, the heart hath double wrong,
When it is barr'd th' aſſiſtance of the Tongue.

On the Conſtancy of Affections.

Love well is ſaid to be a life in Death,
That laughs and weeps, and all within one breath.

Lover's Lottery.

The World's a Lottery, the Lover's Prize
Is ſuch a Girl that's fair, that's chaſt and wiſe.

The Quality of Love.

Love is a Spirit all compact with fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

What Love is.

Love is a golden Bubble full of Dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Lovers delight to be alone.

Lovers beſt like to ſee themſelves alone,
Or with their Love, if needs they muſt have one.

Vows of Lovers.

We know not how to love till Love unblind us,
And Vows made ignorantly can ne'r bind us.

On the Purity of Affections.

Needs muſt *Venus* Wars be ſweet,
When two Maiden Lovers meet.

Impoſſibility of concealing Love.

The Light of hidden fire it ſelf diſcovers,
And Love that is conceal'd betrays poor Lovers.

On one ſick with Love.

Where *Venus* ſtrikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of thoſe that are Love-ſick.

The Errours of Lovers.

All men do err, becauſe that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded, cannot ſee.

What Love is.

Love is a very ſubtile Influence,
Whoſe ſmalleſt force ſtill hangeth in ſuſpence.

Love admits of no contrary Arguments.

Love hates all Arguments, diſputing ſtill
For Sence 'gainſt Reaſon with a ſenſeleſs will.

What

What Love is.

Love is a blinded God, an angry Boy,
A Slave to Beauty's will, a witleſs toy;
A rav'ning Bird, a Tyrant moſt unjuſt,
A private Hell, a very Sea of Luſt.

Another Definition of Love.

Love is a ſowre Delight, a ſug'red Grief,
A breach of Reaſon's Law, a ſecret Thief;
A living Death, an ever dying Life,
A Sea of Tears, an everlaſting Strife.
A Bait for Fools, a Scourge of noble Wits,
A deadly Wound, a Shot which ever hits.

The Effects of Love.

This is the leaſt effect of *Cupid*'s Dart,
To change the mind by wounding of the heart.

Cruelty of Love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men ſay,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

The Parting of Lovers.

Love goes to Love as School-boys from their (Books;
But Love from Love toward School with heavy (looks.

A Maxim of Love.

'Tis folly by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gain by Love, to be beloved.

Love's Wounds.

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the Heart:
Then ſince we both do feel one pain,
Let one Love cure us both again.

The Conſtancy of Lovers.

Once learn to love, the leſſon is moſt plain,
And being learn'd, is never loſt again.

The Force of Love.

Were beauty under twenty Locks kept faſt,
Yet Love breaks through, and *picks them all* at laſt.

A loving Conjunction.

The day unto my hope doth now ſhine fair,
I and my Love in one united are.

Love finds an Opportunity.

When Love hath knit two Hearts in Unity,
They ſeldom fail of Opportunity.

Of-

Offers of Love not to be refuſed.

Occaſion's wing'd, and ever flyeth faſt,
Coming ſhe ſmiles, and frowns being once paſt.

Patience of Lovers.

One may endure, for when the pain is paſt,
Reward, tho' long it ſtays, yet comes at laſt.

Sorrows of Lovers.

Sighs are the eaſe Calamity affords, (words.
Which ſerves for Speech when Sorrow wanteth

To his Miſtreſs, on her expected Humiliation from him for a rude Kiſs.

If that I muſt ſuch Penance do,
I'le bow unto no Saint but you.

On the Tears of Lovers.

In Sighs the Lover ſpeaks his ſecret pains, (ble,
Tears are his Oratory, words do make him trem-
Yet Womens tears fall when they moſt diſſem- (ble.

On frozen Affection.

There where the Hearts Attorney once is mute
The Client breaks (as deſp'rate) of his ſuit.

Of true and falſe Love.

True Love's a Saint, ſo ſhall you true Love know:
Falſe Love's a *Scythian*, yet a Saint in ſhow.

Love breaks all Silence.

What fiſh ſo dumb, what beaſt ſo dull of heart,
That hears Love ſing, and will not bear a part?

No buſineſs like that of Love.

The fair, the falſe, Love can
Admit all but the buſie man.
He that hath buſineſs, and makes Love, does do
Such wrong as if a Married man ſhould wooe.

The Perſeverance of a Lover.

Deſire being Pilot, and bright Beauty prize,
Who can fear ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

The Beginning of Love.

Fair Beauty is the ſpark of hot deſire,
And ſparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On a Lovers Adverſity.

As the Stars in darkeſt night,
So Love by ſuffering ſhines more bright:
For like unto a hidden Flame,
It will at laſt break forth again.

On Luſt.

Luſt makes Oblivion, beateth Reaſon back,
Forgeteth ſhame's *pure bluſh*, and honour's wrack.

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies if it be not reap'd,
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept.

A Cruel Miſtreſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the Fair,
As Cruelty which yields unto no Prayer.

On Coyneſs.

A way-ward Beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love;
Fair words, and power of attractive beauty,
Brings men to wanton in ſubjective Duty.

Another.

Hope and Deſpair attend a Lover ſtill,
Hope for to ſave, deſpair to kill.

On Jealouſie.

Where Jealouſie in baſeſt minds does dwell,
'Tis Metal *Vulcan*'s Cyclops ſent from Hell.

On Pleaſures.

Something muſt ſtill be left to chear our Sin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have bin:
To thoſe that know but pleaſure's price,
All's one, a Priſon or a Paradice.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd Vail which Innocents adorn,
Is a ſweet Roſe defended with the Thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſt her dayes,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of Praiſe.

A chaſt Vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of Service.

I have vow'd both Love and Duty,
To your Vertue and your Beauty.

On delaying Marriage.

Where Hearts be knit, what helps if not t'enjoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

On Deſires.

What can be ſaid that Lovers cannot ſay?
Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.

On Hand and Heart.

Heaven ſeals that Faith which firmly ſtands,
And joyns our hands with hearts, and hearts with hands.

On Misfortune.

The man that ſtill amidſt Misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrows Slave, and bound in laſting bands.

On Fate.

They fall which truſt to Fortune's fickle wheel,
But ſtaid by Vertue men ſhall never reel.

On Diſdain.

In high diſdain Love is a baſe deſire,
And *Cupid's Flame is but a watery Fire.*

On

On a Kiſs.

1.

'Tis not amiſs
To give a Kiſs
To one whoſe Heart's on Fire:
Nor is it harm
To cheat or charm
One burning with deſire.

2.

What is a Kiſs?
'Tis truely this;
A Charm which doth impart
That which nor Words
Nor Sighs afford
Unto a Lover's Heart.

3.

A Kiſs impreſs'd
Makes Lovers bleſs'd,
For ſtreightway Paſſion ſlips
Into the Heart,
By 'ts Magick Art,
Ev'n through their Roſie Lips.

4.

If Lovers wooe,
Or ought elſe do,
Therein expecting Bliſſes;
Let them be ſure,
That they immure
Their Loves with am'rous Kiſſes.

5.

Well, doth all this
Lurk in a Kiſs?
Yea, many more things too!
Why then a Day
Shall ne'r away
Without a Kiſs or two.

A Song.

1.

THe Blazing Star is ſoon burnt out,
The Diamond's light abides;
The one in glory ſhines about,
The other yields light beſides:
That Spark (if any) ſhould be mine,
Which elſe had been unknown;
Yet, if to every HE ſhe ſhine,
I'l rather lye alone.

2.

The Glow-worm in the dark gives light,
And to the view of many;
The Moon does ſhew her ſelf by night,
And yields her light to any:
But if my Love ſhould ſeem to be
To every one ſo known;
She never more ſhall ſhine to me,
I'l rather lye alone.

3.

I'l not conſume, nor pine, nor grieve,
As other Lovers do;
But ſuch as bear a conſtant mind,
And will to me prove true:

I'l ſet as little by any ſhe,
As ſhe by me hath done;
I'l love where there is Conſtancy,
Or elſe I will love none.

4.

A Willow Garland on my Head
I ever mean to wear;
I need no pillow to my Bed,
For I am void of care:
A ſingle Life is without Striſe,
And free from Sighs and Groans;
Therefore I mean i'th' longeſt Night
Ever to lye alone.

5.

Once I lov'd the faireſt Love
That e'r my Eyes did ſee;
But ſhe to me inconſtant prov'd,
And had no Love for me:
But ever ſince my Mind's ſo toſs'd,
I'l lend my Love to none;
And ſince I have been ſo much croſs'd,
I'l ever lye alone.

A Catch.

I Courted a Laſs, my folly was the cauſe of her diſdaining:
I courted her thus; what ſhall I, ſweet *Dolly*, do for thy Love's obtaining?
But another had dally'd with this my *Dolly*, that *Dolly* for all her faining,
Had got ſuch a Mountain above her Vally, that *Dolly* came home complaining.

A Song.

1.

NO man's Love fiery Paſſions can approve,
As either yielding Pleaſure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,
Altho' I do not like it in Devotion.

2.

For it hath no Coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers do as they pretend:
If all that ſay they dye, had dy'd indeed;
Sure long e're this the World had had an end.

3.

Beſides, we need not love unleſs we pleaſe;
No Deſtiny can force Man's Diſpoſition:
And how can any dye of that Diſeaſe
Whereof himſelf may be his own Phyſitian?

4.

Some one perhaps with long Conſumption dry'd,
And after, falling into Love, may dye:
But I dare pawn my Life he ne'r had dy'd,
Had he been half ſo ſound at Heart as I.

5.

Another rather than incur the Slander
Of true Apoſtate, will falſe Martyr prove:
But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*;
I'l neither hang nor drown my ſelf for Love.

6.

Yet I ha' been a Lover by report,
And dy'd for Love, as many others do;

But

But, thanks to *Jove*, it was in ſuch a ſort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.

7.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And know no reaſon to repent me yet;
But whoſoever otherwiſe ſhall do,
His Courage is as little as his Wit.

A Song.

1.

FEar not, my *Genius*, to unfold
Such ſilent thoughts as theſe;
Let Women, born to be controll'd,
Receive them as they pleaſe:
For long uſurped Monarchy
Hath made me hate ſuch Tyranny.

2.

Let them and their Magnetick Charms,
Like Harbingers before 'em,
Poſſeſs themſelves with *Cupid*'s Arms,
As Baits for to adore 'em;
I'l ne'r commit Idolatry
On Subjects born as well as I.

3.

Their Deities with them muſt fade,
It cannot be deny'd;
And ſince thoſe pretty things were made
Out of old *Adam*'s ſide;
We love them ſtill, but know as thus,
Becauſe they are a part of us:

And let it then ſuffice the Elves,
To ſay, we love them as our ſelves.

An Amorous Song.

1.

I See how unregarded now
That piece of Beauty paſſes;
There was a time when I did vow
To thee alone; but mark the fate of Faces:
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not ſee.

2.

But yet the Face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
Nay, ſtill the ſelf ſame Fleſh and Blood,
As apt to melt, and ſuffer from thoſe Fires.
O ſome kind Power, unriddle where it lies,
Whether my Heart be faulty, or her Eyes.

3.

She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often dye;
Neither her power, nor my Will;
Where lies the Myſtery?
Sure Beauty's Empire, like to other States,
Hath certain Periods ſet, and hidden Fates.

Aro-

Another.

1.

BOaſt not, blind Boy, that I'm thy prize,
'Twas not thy Dart,
But thoſe that, feather'd with her Eyes,
Firſt ſtrook my Heart.
Thy ill-tutor'd Shafts and childiſh Bow
On faintly loving Hearts beſtow.

2.

I vaunt my Flames, and dare deſie
Thoſe Bug-bear Fires,
That only ſerve to terrifie
Fool's fond deſires:
Hold up to ſuch thy painted Flame,
As tremble when they hear thy Name.

3.

My Breaſt no Fire nor Dart can pierce,
But holy Flaſhes,
Swifter than Lightning, and more fierce,
Burnt mine to Aſhes:
Come, let them ſleep in unknown reſt,
Since Fate decreed their Urn her Breaſt.

The Turk Routed: *A New* SONG.

1.

HEark, the thund'ring Canons roar,
Echoing from the *German* Shore,
Since the joyful News came o're,
The *Turks* are all confounded:
Lorrain comes, they run, they run;
Charge with your Horſe through the grand *Half-Moon*;
For we will Quarter give to none,
Since *Staremberg* is wounded.

2.

Cloſe your Ranks, and each brave Soul
Take a luſty flowing Bowle,
A grand Carouſe to the *Royal Pole*,
The Emp'ror's brave Defender:
No man leave his Poſt by Stealth,
Plunder the Barb'rous *Vizier*'s Wealth,
And drink a Helmet full, the Health
Of the Second *Alexander*.

3.

Mahomet was a Sober Dog,
A Small-Beer, Drowzie, Senſeleſs Rogue,
The Juice of the Grape ſo much in Vogue,
To deny all thoſe adore him:
Had he but allow'd them Coin,
And giv'n 'em leave to Carowſe in Wine,
The *Turk* had ſafely paſs'd the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

4. In-

4.

Infidels are now o'recome;
But the moſt Chriſtian *Turk* at home
Watcheth the Fate of *Chriſtendom*,
Though all his Hopes are ſhallow;
Since the brave Pole hath led the Dance,
Let *Engliſh Cæſar* now advance;
And if he ſends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

Love Blind; *A Song.*

1.

LOve Blind! who ſays ſo? 'tis a Lye;
I'l not believe it, no not I.
If Love be blind, how can he then
Diſcern to hit the Hearts of Men?
Yet pauſe a while, it may be true;
Or elſe he'd wound the Womens too.

2.

The Females only ſcape! nay, then
The Lad has got his Eyes agen:
And yet, methinks, 'tis ſtrange, that he
Should ſtrike at random thus, and ſee,
In guiding ſtill to fix his Dart,
And leave untouch'd the ſtubborn Heart.

3.

Love Blind! how can his Darts ſurprize
Our Hearts then, piercing through our Eyes?

Un-

Unleſs by ſecret power guided,
Leſt he by us ſhould be derided,
It be the little Archer's Mind,
To make us all (as he is,) Blind.

Miſtaken Chaſtity.

I Had a Love, and ſhe was Chaſt,
A-lack, the more's the pity;
But wot you how my Love was Chaſt?
She was chas't quite through the City.

To a Lady commanding him to write a Defiance *to* LOVE.

DO I want Torture then, that I
Love's awful Power muſt thus defie?
Or in old Stories do you find
That Love is deaf, as well as blind?
Or elſe, do you reſolve from hence
To *nonplus* my Obedience?
Well then, your own Command doth move
Me to blaſpheme your ſelf, and Love.

The Defiance.

Once ſo fooliſh too was I,
To doat on Nature's Vanity!

That

That Trifle Woman, which, they ſay,
She made to paſs the time away
When ſhe had nothing elſe to do;
And (Faith,) 'tis very likely too.
Oh! I had a tedious Fit
Of Love, methinks I feel it yet;
I'l ſwear it held me half an hour:
But *Cupid*, now I ſcorn thy power.
Shew me in one Lady's Eye
The ſtrength of thy Artillery;
Shew me a Cheek where may be ſeen
Thy ſprightly, wanton Magazeen;
Shew me a Lip that's dy'd in grain
With the Heart's blood of thoſe 't 'as ſlain.
Yet I have vow'd I'l never dye
For that Lip, or Cheek, or Eye.

Shew me a Neck whoſe Milky-way
Vies Splendor with the King of Day;
Shew me a Breaſt darts Flames, altho'
It ſelf doth ſeem compos'd of Snow;
Shew me a Belly ſo divine,
Thou, tho a god, wouldſt make it thine:
Yet *Cupid*, I the ſame dare tell ye,
For all this Neck, or Breaſt, or Belly.

Shew me a Thigh, whoſe ſoftneſs can
And whiteneſs baffle *Leda*'s Swan;
Shew me a Leg that would invite
The ſtricteſt Hermit to delight;
Shew me a Foot, whoſe pretty ſhape
Would make a Saint commit a Rape:
Yet I ha' vow'd I'le never dye
For that Foot, or Leg, or Thigh.

A Song.

1.

SHe's not the faireſt of her Name,
Yet ſhe acquires more than all her race;
For ſhe hath other features to enflame,
Beſides a lovely face:
There's Wit and Conſtancy,
And charms that ſtrike the Soul more than the Eye;
'Tis no eaſie Lover,
Knows how to diſcover
Such pure Divinity.

2.

And yet ſhe is an eaſie Book,
Writ in plain language for the meaneſt Wit;
A glorious outſide and a ſtately look,
Beſides all juſtly fit:
But Age will undermine,
That glorious outſide that doth look ſo fine;
When the common Lover,
Shrinks, and gives her over,
Then ſhe's only mine.

3.

To the *Platonick* that applies,
His ſole addreſſes to the Mind;
The Body but a Temple ſignifies,
Wherein the Saints enſhrin'd:

To

To him it is all one,
Whether the Wall be Marble, or rough Stone;
But in holy places,
Which old Time defaces,
More Devotion's ſhown.

The Antiplatonic.

1.

FOnd Love, what doſt thou mean,
To court an idle Folly?
Platonick love is nothing elſe
But meerly Melancholly;
'Tis active love that makes us Jolly.

2.

To doat upon a Face,
Or Court a ſparkling eye,
Or to eſteem a dimpled Cheek;
Compleat Felicity:
Is to betray one's Liberty.

3.

Then pray be not ſo fond,
Think you that Women can
Reſt ſatisfied with Complement,
The Frothy part of Man?
No, no, they hate a *Puritan*.

4.

They care not for your ſighs,

Nor

Nor your erected Eyes:
They hate to hear a Man complain,
Alas! he dies, he dies!
Believ't they love a closer prize.

5.

Then venter to embrace
'Tis but a smack, or two;
I'm confident no Woman lives,
But sometime she will doe:
The fault lies not in her, but you.

To his Mistriss, denying a Nights Lodging.

HAte me, Dear Soul! and say no more you
If I must only know what is above; (love,
To kiss your Lips and Hands, these are but Toys,
Nay Torments to a Lover, and not Joys:
I hate the wanton folly of a kiss,
If not a passage to a farther bliss.
Men do seek mines in Women, and if so
You must permit that they may dig below;
The Face of Earth's barren, since Nature's arts,
Hath hid great Treasures in the lower parts;
Why you so Coy? you'd fain be Married,
Before that you wou'd lose your Maiden-head:
Then I may claim it as my right and due,
The Law doth give it me, it is not you;
If you wou'd ha' your kindness to be shown,
Bestow it freely, while it is your own.

An

An Amorous Catch.

YOu ſay you love, and you ſwear it too,
But ſtay Sir, 'twill not do;
I know your Oaths
Juſt like your wearing Cloaths:
Whilſt new, and freſh in faſhion,
But once grown old, you lay them by,
Forgot like words ſpoken in paſſion;
I'le not believe you, I,

The Wiſh.

1.

IF I live to grow Old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a Country-Town;
Let me have a warm houſe with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald pate:
May I govern my paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer and better, as my ſtrength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone by a gentle decay,
By a gentle decay.

2.

With a Pudding on *Sunday* and ſtout humming liquor,
With remnants of Latin to puzzle the Vicar;
With a hidden reſerve of *Burgundy*-Wine,
To drink the Kings health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

In

3.

In ſome Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance, on which I may look;
With a ſpacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, *&c.*

4.

With *Perſeus*, and *Horace*, and one or two more
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before:
With a Diſh of Roaſt-Mutton, not Ven'ſon, or Teal;
And clean, though courſe Linnen, at every Meal.
May I govern, *&c.*

5.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my laſt Day;
And when I am dead, let the better ſort ſay,
In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mellow,
He's gone, but has left not behind him his fellow.
May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer and better as my ſtrength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay;
By a gentle Decay.

A

A Song.

1.

MAdam why do's love torment you?
Cannot I your grief remove?
Or is there any can content you,
In the ſweet delights of Love?
Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

2.

If I ſhould chance to crave the favour,
Which your Lips invite me to,
Would you not think't a light behaviour,
For to take a Kiſs or two?
No, no, no, &c.

3.

Faireſt made of beauties wonder,
Should I preſume your Breaſt to touch,
Or if I attempt a little under,
Would not you think it to much?
Oh! No, no, &c.

4.

Once more only then to try me,
And my Joys are fully ſped,
If all this Night I ſhould lye by you,

Would you keep your Maiden-head?
Oh! No, no, *&c.*

5.

Cou'd any other pleaſe you better,
Prithee tell me e're I go,
Or ever was a Night ſpent ſweeter;
Or ever were you tickled ſo.
Oh! No, no, *&c.*

A Deſcription of Love.

A Lover is like the Herb *Helitropium*, which alwayes inclineth to that place where the Sun ſhineth; and being deprived of the Sun, dieth; ſo the Herb *Lunaria* as long as the Moon waxeth, bringeth forth leaves, and the waning ſhaketh them off. So a Lover whilſt he is in the company of his Lady, where all joys increaſe, uttereth many pleaſant conceits; but baniſhed from the ſight of his Miſtriſs, where all mirth decreaſeth, either liveth in melancholly, or dieth with deſpair.

Of Conſtancy in Love.

COnſtancy is like unto the Stork, who whereſoever ſhe flies, cometh into no Neſt but her own; or the Lapwing, whom nothing can drive from her young ones but death.

The

The Tongue of a Lover ſhould be like the *Gnomon* Dial, which though it go, nonce can ſee it going; or a young Tree, which though it grow, none can perceive it growing.

The Triangles of Love.

THere muſt be in every Triangle three lines, the firſt beginneth, the ſecond augmenteth, the third concludeth it a figure. So in Love three Vertues; the firſt Affection, which draweth the heart; the ſecond Secreſie, which encreaſeth the hope; the third Conſtancy, which finiſheth the Work: Without any of theſe three Rules, no Triangle; without theſe three Vertues, no Love.

Another.

LOve is not unlike the fig-tree, whoſe fruit is ſweet, but the root is more bitter than the claw of *Byter*; or like the Apple in *Perſia*, whoſe bloſſom ſavoureth like honey, whoſe bud is more ſowre then gall; as the Adamant draweth the heavy Iron, and the Harp the Fleet-Dolphin, ſo beauty allureth the chaſt mind to love, and the wiſeſt wit to luſt: and who more trayterous to *Phillis* than *Demophoon*? yet he a Traveller: Who more perjured to *Dido* than *Æneas*? and he a ſtranger. Who more falſe to *Ariadne* than *Theſeus*? yet he a Saylor. Who more

fickle to *Medea* than *Jaſon?* yet he a Starter. Again, Love is like muſk, though it be ſweet in ſmell, it is ſowre in the ſmack: The Leaf of the Cedar-tree, though it be fair to be ſeen, yet the Syrrup depriveth ſight: Even ſo Love, though it be plighted by ſaluting each other with a kiſs, yet it is ſhaken off by fraud of the heart. A perfect Lover ſhould be like the Gloe-Worm, which ſhineth moſt bright in the dark; or like the pure Frankincenſe, which ſmelleth moſt ſweet when it is in the fire; or to the Damask-Roſe which is ſweeter in the Still, than on the ſtalk.

On the Effects of Love.

YOu ſhall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The conſtancy of my affection hath been ſuch, that it hath overcome the worſt of difficulties; and the Expectation of the harbour hath made the danger eaſie.

When a midſt the waves of your diſdain my half ſhip-wrack'd Veſſel began to ſink, each ſigh I fetched (I ſee at length) found a courteous gale to bring me home to you my bleſſed Harbour.

One day you will come to know the Concluſion of the irreproachable teſtimonies of my true and faithful promiſes.

Upon

Upon Eloquence.

O Speak again, 'twill make the Sphears lay by their warbling Lutes, and liſten to your Tongue.

Each articulated ſyllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my Soul, and captivates my ſenſes.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, than with good actions.

The Eloquence of your moſt ſweet words cloſes my lips, and binds them to perpetual ſilence.

EXCUSES.

IN excuſing your unjuſt fear, you ſeem to accuſe my boldneſs.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead my own excuſe.

I preſume upon your pardon for my former ſuſpitious fears, and the rather, becauſe the goodneſs of your Nature ſtiles them the individual concomitants of love.

I pray you hear my reaſons patiently, and judge without paſſion of my Juſtification.

It is for great minds to excuſe great faults; upon the acknowledgment therefore of my late tranſgreſſion, you cannot find a fitter Subject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover.

I Have ſo much experience of your good will, that it only remains you make trial of my deſire of acknowledgement.

I have had ſuch trial of your friendſhip and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each Meſſenger affords freſh Characters of your friendſhip, and every day I ſee the ſpring of your love breaking through in new Channels of affection.

Upon her Face.

THe wonders of your face made me their captive as ſoon as I ſaw them, and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your Priſoner and Servant.

As ſhe appears, ſo day breaks, and with her beams diſperſes all my clouds and miſts of diſcontent.

The Epitome of Nature is comprized in her Face, where ſhe hath freely given a taſte of all her pride and glory.

Upon

Upon her Favours.

I Am ignorant what ſervice might ſatisfie for the favours I have received of you; if you pleaſe to increaſe my knowledge in telling me how I may ſerve you again, I ſhall be doubly obliged.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proof of your condition and honeſty.

Upon her Fortunes.

FOrtune ſtrives now to make me pay the intereſt of thoſe pleaſures ſhe formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous and uſurious in taking from me the intereſts of my proſperity.

I appear to you juſt like an empty veſſel, that wants his lading, with full blown ſails of Love: Indeed 'tis true, I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my Compaſs fail me not, my Genius tells me I ſhall ſoon arrive.

O withdraw not thoſe two ſtars: by their bleſt light I ſteer my crazie Bark, and hope to enjoy the wiſhed for ſhore of happineſs.

Upon her Hatred.

I Do not think (tho' I ſhould give you occaſion to hate me) that your good nature can wiſh me an injury, ſince you are not compoſed of any thing but love.

Courteſie dwelt on your fore-head, but malice reſided in you ſoul, and lay concealed in your mind.

On her Inconſtancy.

YOu uſe your friends as one doth flowers, which pleaſe only when they are freſh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

In Praiſe of her Face.

HEr Face is Loves Copy to read wonders on.

She cannot put her face in ſuch a form but I muſt like it.

Her lively Face diſdains all adulterous arts.

A perpetual ſpring of beauty dwells in that Face of hers.

Fairer

Fairer than *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face veiled with a Robe of darkneſs, ſhines clearer through it than the eye of the day.

The faireſt that ever Nature made for wonder.

Only to look upon her face, is to live.

Whoſe looks would force the warring Elements into order.

For her Retention of him in Memory.

DO not that wrong to your true Love, to let him ſlide out of your Memory, the only Monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible parts of my Soul.

Of his Merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing, but what would be too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humor permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The Neceſſity of his Affections.

THe neceſſity of Love is moſt puiſſant in the world, for it overcomes all things.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity that inforceth us to embrace ſuch a deſired bleſſing as your ſelf.

I was all frozen until the ſunſhine of your favour thawed my benummed ſpirit; but when you darted your quickned beams, the ſpring of my affections budded forth in the moſt pleaſant bloſſoms of Love.

The Magnetick-ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch natural activity to the North-ſtars ſummons, as I, when you command.

Proteſtations of Obedience.

I Shall not all the days of my life, have a will to do any thing but obey you.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am as much yours as you can wiſh me to be.

To offer and preſent Service.

ALL the honour and ambition I aſpire at, is to ſee my ſelf employed in your Service.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone

is

is not ſufficient to command the affection I bear you.

All that is mine is no leſs yours than are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendſhip, a Jewel I prefer before all other Treaſures.

WISHES.

HEaven (which hears the vows of the faithful) bleſs and ſatisfie your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramour as may equal (for ſure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may the ſame ſhaft with an undivided haſte, pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date, and when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy pattern and rich example of pure affection, after you have ſeen a ſecond generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelf can never come.

Heaven make you the happieſt Woman that lives, even as he hath made you the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed.

God grant that you may be as faithful, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeparation, that nothing can even touch my Soul like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt grief I carry along with me, when I part from this place, is, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To Give Thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, think it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Compliments, is to give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Tho' the ſervice I have done you be but ſmall, yet the deſire I had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the Deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes have too much Majeſty to ſerve for baits or allurements of a diſſembling Love.

Do

Do not deceive him that will out-brave death it ſelf to ſecure your life, and withſtand the frowns of Fortune to protect your Honour.

On his LIFE.

MY Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, if well acted, Sweeteſt; if the laſt Scene be tragical, your cruelty muſt be the *Nemeſis*.

Our Life without ſome pleaſantneſs, is like a long journey without an Inn; or a bed of Roſes where flowers are mixed with prickles.

On the Luſtre of her Eyes.

YOur Eyes flaſh ſo much lightning, that like Suns they dazzle the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

Your Souls bright luſtre ſparkles in your Eye, and like the *Perſian*, that only Sun I adore.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your Soveraignty over my Soul, that the leaſt glance of your eye raviſheth me.

Amorous EXPRESSIONS.

THis kiſs, on thy white hand.

Her ſpring of beauty raiſed in him noble deſires, which ſoon broke forth in liberal ſtreams.

Let

Let me rule Lady, like a Planet in the Orb of your favours.

You have a moſt imperious beauty, I muſt obey it.

Delight ſhall ſtream into our boſom.

A Faint Lovers wiſhes cannot recall the hours.

I will embrace thee a Treaſure ineſtimable.

Tho' ſhe were divided from me by Armies, I would make way through death to regain her.

Let me dwell an age upon thoſe Lips.

She is a delightful piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and Goddeſs of Beauty.

She is a Mine of pleaſing joyes and ſweetneſs.

The great Commandreſs of all hearts.

Wee'l ſtrive to make the example of Love an eaſie Law.

As clear as Truth, as innocent as Virtue.

Take all your Vows again, you are as free as the Air.

The *Cypryan* Queen compar'd to thee, was but a *Negro*.

Whoſe love is the Exchequer of Wealth.

A Spring of love iſſues from her Soul.

I muſt walk in the dark, and be benighted to all the world but thee.

A Woman worthy of ſo compos'd a man.

Crown your Servant, Miſtriſs, with this favour.

Simili-

Similitudes, Compariſons, *and* Examples, *Collected for the* Readers *Application.*

AS the gliſtering beams of the Sun when it riſeth decketh the Heavens, ſo the beauty of a good Wife adorneth the houſe. As golden pillars ſhine upon the Sockets of Silver, ſo doth a fair face in a virtuous mind.

Her treſſes are like the colour'd Hyacinth of *Arabia.*

Her love is ſuch a fire as either will burſt forth, or burn the houſe; ſuch a ſtream as will either have its courſe, or break over the banks, and make a deluge.

He that is ſtung by a Scorpion, muſt be healed by affection.

To ſtop the ſtream, is to make the Ford flow more fiercely; to repreſs the fire, is to make it flame the more furiouſly.

Like a *Demophoon* who deceived *Phillis.*

Like an *Æneas* that falſified his faith to *Dido.*

Like *Apollo*'s paſſion.

Like *Theſeus* that forſook his *Ariadne.*

Conclude not all things by general Axioms.

Meaſure not all mens minds by a few particular inſtances.

Tho-

Though ſome have been failing, think not all to be falſe.

Try me, I refer my Paſſions to proof; and as you find me loyal, ſo reward me with Love.

Had not *Juno* been jealous of *Jupiter*, *Io* had not been turned into a Heifer.

If Suſpition had not ſtung *Menelaus*, *Helena* had not ſtoln away with *Paris*.

Procris had been alive, had ſhe not ſuſpected *Cephalus*.

Love ſhorteth not only the Life, and diſquieteth the Mind, but ſometimes is the cauſe of moſt ſtrange and bloody Maſſacres.

Her Eye is like the Diamond, and ſo pointeth, that it pierceth to the quick.

Her Motion is ſo chaſt, as ſhe is ſeen therein as in a Mirrour.

Of a Courtly temper, intermixt with virtuous diſdain.

Her Countenance is the very Map of Modeſty.

Her Beauty is like the gorgeous Cedar, that is only for ſhew, nothing for profit.

Like the Apple of *Tantalus*, that is precious in the eye, and duſt in the hand.

Like the Star *Antaphilax*, that is very bright, but ſtireth not any Compaſs.

Like young men that ſtand upon their outward Portraicture.

Like *Æneas*, a brave man, but foul diſſembler.

To tye a head ſtrong Girl from Love, is to call a *Siciphus* Stone, or breathe words into the wind.

Who

Who love moſt muſt ſeem moſt to neglect it.

A denyal at the firſt is counted a grant, a gentle Anſwer a mockery.

Ladyes uſe their Lovers as the Stork doth her young ones; who pricketh them till they bleed, with her Bill, and then healeth them with her Tongue.

A Bull tyed to a Fig-Tree loſeth his ſtrength.

A whole Herd of Dear ſtand a-gaze if they ſmell a ſweet Apple.

A Dolphin by the ſound of Muſick is brought to ſhore.

As the kind *Spaniel*, tho' he hunt after birds, yet forſaketh them to retrive the Partridge.

As we commonly feed upon Beef hungrily at the firſt, yet ſeeing the Quail more dainty, change our dyet.

The admonition of a true friend ſhould be like the practice of a wiſe Phyſician, who wraps his ſharp Pills in Sugar.

Or like a Chyrurgeon, who launceth the Wound with Iron, and immediately applyeth ſoft Lint to it.

As Mothers deal with their Children troubled with Worms, who put their bitter Seeds into ſweet Raiſins.

Virtue flouriſheth when Beauty fadeth; it waxeth young when Age approacheth, and reſembleth the Ivy-leaf, which, altho' it be dead, continueth green.

Let there be ſuch a faithful and inviolable League of Love betwixt us begun, as neither

length

length of time, diſtance of place, the menaces of friends, ſpight of fortune, nor the fear of death can alter or diminiſh.

Let us be like *Hyppocrates* Twins, who were born together, and dy'd together.

If death ſhould ſeparate you from me, I would imitate the Eagle which *Seſta* the Virgin brought up.

As the precious Stone *Sandeſtra* hath nothing in outward Appearance but that which ſeemeth black; yet, being broken, it poureth forth beams like the Sun.

Like *Apelles*, who when *Bucephalus* was painted, craved the judgment of none but *Zeuxes*.

Like *Priſius*, who when *Jupiter* was carved, asked the cenſure of none but *Lyſippus*.

Plants are nouriſh'd with little rain, yet drowned with much.

How valiantly *Ajax* boaſted in the Seat of Arms, yea *Ulyſſes* bore away the Armour.

Eloquent words may pleaſe the ear, but ſufficient matter perſwades the heart.

As the Herb *Moly* hath a flower as white as Snow, and a root as black as Ink.

As amongſt the *Ægyptians* there was no man eſteemed happy that had not a Beaſt full of Spots.

As the *Indian Uranaſcope* doth ever view the azur'd Skies, and never fixeth her Eyes on the Earth, deeming things ſublunary too baſe objects for the *ſenſorium* of her light.

As a feigned friend is much like a Serpent bred in *Ægypt*, called a *Crocodile*, who when ſhe ſing-

ſingeth, poyſoneth; and when ſhe weepeth, devoureth.

The Lyon ſo loveth her Whelps, that ſhe never taſteth of the Prey till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the *Apples* of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbing are ſometimes made incurable.

As the ſavour of the Panther ſeemeth ſweet to none but bruit Beaſts.

As continued rain moiſtneth the Earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a Ship in the Sea, without a guide (leaning now on one ſide, then on another) is often in great danger.

As Bees when they ſtrive together, or are ſtirred up by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order, and appeaſed.

As *Apothecaries* do cover their pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a Child brings milk into the Mother's Breaſts.

As there is no ſhelter where there is no Sun.

As a Gardener mingleth divers ſeeds together, and caſts them into ground, yet will they not be confounded one with another, but every ſeed will have its proper Herb.

As Swallows and Flyes are dead in the Winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in Summer

As

As the Goldſmith by his art can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metal can draw another.

As the Sun and Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous Images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelf.

As continual drops of water hollow the hard ſtone.

As thoſe men that live by the River *Nilus*, are made deaf by the continual noiſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a Canker alwayes infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up mire and dirt.

As in fining, the droſs is ſeparate from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakneſs in the ſight which cauſeth the party to think he ſees ſtraws whereas he ſees men.

As a Thunder-bolt caſt out of the Clouds ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelf to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoever reſiſteth.

As the Morning dew ſoon after the riſing of the Sun is diſſipated.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all flowers, is gathered upon rough Briars.

Like the Ape, which with embracings doth well nigh kill her young ones.

As the Moon hath ſo much the leſs light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowers and ſtorms of rain the air is cleanſed.

As in Garlands the beauty of the Flowers except they be orderly compoſed, are not half ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As they that dwell in low valleys are ſeldom hurt with lightning.

As the pure Coral will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worm keepeth her body ſpare and empty, uſing to faſt two or three days together, that ſhe may ſtretch out her ſelf, and ſpin her thred the finer.

As a little ſpark many times ſetteth a whole houſe on fire.

As Owls and Night-Crows ſee better in the night than in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no Water drawn but what is muddy.

As a ſtrong Corroſive laid to a ſore, eats out all the dead fleſh.

As fire is never ſufficed with wood, nor earth with water.

As they that are ſick of the Dropſie, encreaſe their thirſt by drinking.

As Children are like their Parents in humour ſpeech and laughter.

As the Libbard hath a ſtrange kind of policy to kill Apes, lies down as if he were ſtark dead,

dead, which the Apes ſeeing, come all together, and in delight skip upon him; that the Libard bears patiently, untill he think they have all wearied themſelves with ſporting; then ſuddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for ſhearing.

Like as the *Pelican*, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being ſtung or killed by Serpents, ſhe picketh out her hearts-blood to revive them again.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the Rain maketh the new Moon graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth that it yields forth fruit.

As the Oſtritch hath wings, yet flieth not.

As ſweet ſcents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter when it is fartheſt off from the Pole, is neareſt the earth.

As the Lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Laurel-tree.

As the Chyrurgion cuts and ſearches before he heal the wound.

As in Muſick, if the harmony of the ſtrings be not Conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet nor acceptable to tunable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, except it be a little covered with a Cloud.

As the Head gives ſence and motion to the Members.

As

As from the ſtock ſap is derived to the graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong liquor, cannot but burſt in ſunder, not becauſe of any antipathy that is between them, but becauſe the glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the liquor.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air, they appear in their own proper forms and colours as they are; but if they be look't upon through a green Glaſs, they all appear green.

As the Soul doth ſo quicken the Body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame in themſelves are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay as long as they have any participation with the Soul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark dungeon.

As a Woman brings forth Children in Sorrow.

As the Ocean, which is but one, is divided into parts, according to the Regions and Countreys againſt which it lieth.

As the ſuperfluous humours in the veins are no parts of the body.

As the hand cut from the body periſheth.

As the Vine or Garden, decayeth with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof it be watered with ſhowers.

As men diſcern the weather by the wind.

As *Appelles* the Painter much lamented if he miſs'd

miſs'd one day without ſome line or Picture.

As Vines without lopping grow wild and fruitleſs.

As a tree bringeth forth firſt leaves, then bloſſoms, and laſtly fruit.

As water moderateth Wine.

As Fire is an Inſtrument of medicinal arts.

As the Body without the Soul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among Thorns.

As the *Hyæna* hearing the voice of a man, ſpeaks like a Friend, but has the mind of a Wolf, devouring like a Fiend.

As the Panther, who with the ſweetneſs of his Breath, and Beauty of his Coat, allureth ſuch Beaſts within his compaſs as he intendeth to uncaſe and prey upon.

As the flattering *Syrens* that ſweetly ſing the Sailors Wrack; and the Fowler's Pipe, that pleaſantly playeth the Bird's death.

Like as Grammar is the Key of Knowledge, Logick the rule of Reaſon; Rhetorick the Mother of Eloquence; Muſick the ſweet recreation of wearied minds; Aſtronomy the ſecret knowledge of the nature and courſe of the Heavens; Arithmetick the art of Numbering, and Geometry the art of working by rule, compaſs, weight and meaſure.

As very a Coward as *Clineas.*

As Love is the bewitcher of the Wit, the rebel to Reaſon, the betrayer of Reſolution, and the defiler of the thoughts.

Friendſhip is praiſe-worthy of all men.

Bought Friends are ſeldom ſure.

As

As *Ajax* seeing that the *Grecians* had preferr'd *Ulisses* before him, and bestow'd upon him the Armour of *Achilles*, as a recompence of his wisdom, fell mad.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once set on fire, burn till they consume themselves totally.

To tender any thing to a Prince.

MOst High and Illustrious Prince; It may appear great Boldness in me, to hope that the least Beam of your Love should reflect on my Unworthiness, to cherish this imperfect work of your Loyal and Obedient Subject: Yet nevertheless I humbly recommend it to your gracious Protection, under which I enjoy all the felicities that may be. If your Highness will vouchsafe to accept it, who dares reject it? if allow it, who can reprove it? if protect it, what *Momus* barking, or *Zoilus* biting, can any way hurt it, or annoy it? And thus most humbly craving pardon for this boldness, I cease to write, tho' I will not to wish, that your Highness's Felicities may never cease.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a Golden Age, as an *India* of Happiness, was but a Prophesie of your Gracious Reign, showring

down Felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you Sacrifices of thanks and Obedience, while I ſhall account it the chiefeſt Honour that my Birth and Stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my Loyalty in expoſing my Life to any danger in your Service.

Another.

SIR, Tho' I cannot worthily deſire nor deſerve your gracious favour, yet it will ſhew you neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings in accepting my weak and humble Devotions, with the tender of my loyal Service. Let not the poorneſs of my merit make them contemptible in your ſight, for I have long had an earneſt Zeal to expreſs with what Integrity I adore the Vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, far above all Flattery; ſo that your gracious Reign is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-white Path, through which you travel in your happy Government, and by Example lead your Subjects to Heaven.

Another to a Lady *of* Quality.

MAdam, there are no words ſignificant enough to expreſs how I honour your Royal Perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the World, while I make it the

the chief employment of Life to attend upon your Commands; which to obey is in my opinion Happineſs.

An Humble Addreſs *to a great* LORD.

MY Lord, in regard of thoſe many Favours which your Honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, not only to acknowledge my Happineſs therein, but alſo to deſire that you would alwayes reckon me in the number of your moſt obliged Servants.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, As it is a great Happineſs for me to come into your Preſence, and to offer my Devotions to your Excellency from the Altar of an humble Heart; ſo it will be an addition to my Felicity, if I may improve this preſent opportunity to make tender of my Service.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, It will become me, amongſt others, to acknowledge your many exeellent Vertues, amongſt which your Clemency and Humility are the chiefeſt; whereof, as others have had Experience, ſo I doubt not but you will favour-

ably accept the Obligation and Preſentment of my humble Service.

Another to a Great Lord.

Moſt Noble Lord, As I hold it for a principal Favour in admitting me to kiſs your Honour's Hand; ſo ſhall I eſteem my ſelf moſt happy, if that your Honour will be pleaſed to accept me henceforth as ranked in the Number and Catalogue of your moſt Humble and Obſequious Servants.

Another.

My Lord, The Rank you hold, with the great and ſingular Ornaments of Vertues in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little which is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions my Service in obſequious Humility.

Another.

Moſt Honoured Lord, May your Excellency be pleaſed to permit me to exerciſe my ſmall Endeavours of rendring my Duty to your Honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me ſo far, as to grant me Opportunities whereby I may make appear in effect, the deſires I have to preſent you with my beſt Services and Endeavours.

To

To entreat a Courteſie of a Friend.

A. SIR, as Neceſſity hath no Law, ſo it hath no Shame; for, contrary to my Diſpoſition, I muſt become an importunate Suitor unto you.

A. Sir, name it, it muſt be ſomething more than I know of which I can deny you, who are alwayes modeſt in your Requeſts.

A. Sir, I fear I ſhall give you occaſion to report the contrary. I will deſire you to lend me your Horſe to carry away a little Treaſure by Moon-ſhine.

A. I do not well underſtand you, pray interpret your ſelf, and diſguiſe not your meaning.

A. Sir, I would deſire you to diſpenſe with me in a matter that concerns me near. I am to bear away the Uſurer's Daughter, and carry her where ſhe ſhall remain private till Storms be blown over. Pardon me, that I have no ſooner made you acquainted with my purpoſe.

A. I will be ready to aſſiſt you: And ſince your Fortune may receive addition from any Service of mine, my Horſe, were he the Muſes *Pegaſus*, he ſhould be your Servant: It is but to carry away a Piece of live Veniſon; that's a mean Treſpaſs; *Cupid* hath enough in his Park.

A. I am glad you are ſo pleaſant, and do ſo well apprehend my intents: I was afraid leſt my purpoſe being known, I ſhould have ſuffered a Repulſe, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A. No Sir, I do account it in you a bravery of mind, that you dare aſpire to reach a Fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of *Heſperides*, watch'd by the old Dragon the *Uſurer*. But I would not have you loſe time in talk: I will bid the Groom prepare my Horſe for you.

A. Sir, the whole Service of my life cannot require your kindneſs: For ſince you have granted this Requeſt ſo willingly, I ſhall owe my good Fortune to your favourable aſſiſtance.

A. Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be proſperous; for I ſhall rejoyce in your happineſs as much as in my own: Therefore my beſt wiſhes ſhall be, that your good *Genius* wait on you, while my Prayers ſolicit Heaven for your happy ſucceſs.

A. Sir, you have expreſt your ſelf a noble Friend; and when this buſineſs is paſt, all the ſtudy of my life ſhall be to ſhew my thankfulneſs to you.

A. Sir, I wiſh nothing but that you may obtain your deſires.

To preſent a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me if I (moved thereto by the zealous affection I bear you) do here expreſs it in the dumb language of a ſmall preſent, unworthy of your acceptance; yet I pray you wear it for my ſake, it may draw down your eye to think on me, who am now wounded by the powerful beams of your beauty.

Gent.

Gent. Sir, Tho' it would ſhew a ſcornful mind in me not to accept your love, tendered unto me in ſuch a viſible manner, yet I am ſorry you ſhould be at ſo great and needleſs charge, for wherein can I ſerve you to make requital?

Aym. It is you that maketh this unworthy preſent precious; for if you pleaſe to let it incircle your white finger, it being a Diamond-Ring, will ſparkle moſt in the dark, ſhewing that Love (like a clouded Star) ſhines lighteſt in the night of misfortunes.

Gent. Well Sir, I am obliged by your courteſie to receive it; and ſince you pleaſe to confer ſo rich a gift on my unworthineſs, I will wear it for your ſake.

Aym. Then you honour me above my deſert; for your acceptance of this ſacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inſcribed with *Amor Circulus*; Love is a Circle without end.

Gent. I muſt acknowledge your bounty, and my ſelf your Servant, for beſtowing on me ſo rich a gift.

Aym. The ſparkling luſtre thereof cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes, but honour me ſo much to wear it on your finger.

Gent. I promiſe that, and more, acknowledge my ſelf infinitely beholding to you.

Aym. You have ſaid too much concerning ſo poor a Preſent, yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I ſhall ever admire my own Felicity.

To Wooe a Coy, ſcornful Maid.

Aym. LEt not my love be miſconſtrued for preſumption, if I once again ſtrive to warm your affection by declaring unto you how much I honour your perfection; pray at laſt be merciful, and do not ſtill reward my love with cold diſdain.

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerful Language, but I am none of thoſe young ones; you are deceived if you think that fine words can ſweeten me up to betray my ſelf: and for my beauty, I would not have you dote on that, it ſuffices me without commendation.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.

Maid. Sir, wiſe men admire nothing; for if I were beautiful, what is beauty but a fading flower, blaſted often with too much breathing on, and cannot grow ſafely upon the ſtalk of Virginity, becauſe every one will be reaching forth to gather it: Pray excuſe me if I prevent ſuch a danger, for Love and I are quite faln out.

Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaſte Love: There is no greater happineſs than the ſacred union of hearts, eſpecially when long and humble ſuits conquer diſdain; and ſo I hope perſeverance will at laſt crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my deſire with a mutual affection.

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath,

breath, you may ſpend it to better purpoſe: for you may intimate your deſires, and make tedious diſcoveries, but in a word, I ſhall never love you.

Aym. O ſay not ſo! you know not how much miſery thoſe few words would bring upon me: For hope, grounded on your gentle diſpoſition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint ſhadow, whilſt in my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a Taper by me, watching my own Funeral, and I will dwell there in a miſt of ſighs, and all this for your ſake.

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuſe me of your Death: Pray ſhake off this Love, and I will then acknowledge your kindneſs in ceaſing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wiſdom, that will cure all diſtempers.

Aym. Yet while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will viſit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel Maid. To conclude, let one parting kiſs ſeal my tranſport to *Elizium*, and I am gone.

Maid. Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolute, I will ſtrive to give you a better anſwer at your next return.

Aym. In confidence of that happineſs, I will preſume to viſit you again, and live to be your Servant.

A Jesting Discourse with a Maid.

Aym. COme, why will you be an Enemy to your self, and let modesty keep you still in the state of Virginity? I come to offer my service, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. You are very kind, but I like my present estate; Maids are happy.

Aym. Alas poor ignorance! dost thou talk of happiness? I tell thee, until thou art married, thou art but a Cypher, and of no account.

Maid. O Sir, You are deceived, our hearts are free from the passion of love, retain a world of happiness, being exempted from any want of knowledge; for Maids dying in their present condition, do all go to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceiv'd, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. What offer?

Aym. Lest it should raise a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it into your ear —— you understand.

Maid. Take heed, Sir, lest while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle a real fire; I hear too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a base ignoble mind.

Aym. Why: I did but tell you a truth: I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word.

Maid.

Maid. Nay, farewel.

Aym. Pardon me, all I have ſpoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wiſe and witty, I will deſire you in a fair manner to grant me your love, which I only deſire: and tho' I did appear raſh and wanton, you ſhall find me worthy of your affection.

To contract privately ones ſelf, and to tye the Knot of Marriage.

Aym. NOw our Love hath arrived to a happy Concluſion, the ſtorms raiſed by our diſdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a ſoft and gentle harmony, which the Soul can only diſcern: therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the ſight of Heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my Soul to yours, and give away my ſelf wholly to be at your diſpoſing, till the Ceremonies of the Church confirm my Promiſe.

Maid. With as true an affection I do give my ſelf over into your poſſeſſion, and freely beſtow on you my love, which ſhall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and conſtant to you. It is therefore expedient that you get my friends good will, according to your promiſe, and till then we muſt remain only contracted in our affections.

Aym. Heaven I beſeech thee bear witneſs to our private agreement, and may I never know

one

one day of comfort when I break my promiſed vow: Let me now embrace you with the arms of affection, and thus with a ſoft kiſs ſeal the obligation of our loves.

To Salute a Friend newly arriv'd from a Journey.

Alex. SIr, when firſt the news of your return arrived to my knowledge, I was heightned with an earneſt deſire to behold you, and prevent other Friends, by the firſt tender of my Service, that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs in true perfect ſincerity, ſo it might in place obtain priority, and ſhew how ambitious I am of your favour.

A. Sir, you ſtill continue your former nobleneſs, making it your chief aim to exceed others in perfection of mind, otherwiſe I had an intention to viſit you, but it is your deſire and happineſs to overcome others in kindneſs, for which I can but return you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy Friend.

Al. Sir, you make too good an interpretation of my raſh preſumption; but it is held that Friends have but one Soul in two Bodies, therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my ſelf; beſides, after long abſence, your company muſt needs be more precious? ſo that both love and reaſon on my ſide, do perſwade me to come and viſit you.

A. Sir, I want words to expreſs my mind,

or

or to argue a caſe in love, but in my opinion I ought to have viſited you firſt, in regard I am very much obliged unto you: But to proceed no farther in Ceremony, let us diſcourſe of ſome other affairs, I will be bold to inquire how all our friends do.

A. Sir, Some of them have undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible ſtrength of mind; but Heaven be thanked, all that honour and reſpect you, are living and in health.

A. Sir, I am wonderful glad to hear of it, and I ſhall rejoice exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance; I hope I am not altogether loſt unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

A. Sir, Travel hath not wrought much change in you; but *I* detain you too long, *I* fear, from your reſt.

A. Sir, were *I* tyred with travel, as *I* am not, yet your company would very much refreſh me.

A. Sir, *I* will crave your pardon at this time, *I* know to tarry longer would be troubleſome unto you, but to morrow *I* will wait on you again.

To entertain a Friend who is come to Viſit one.

Alex. SIr, *I* am heartily glad to ſee you, tho' *I* have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

A.

Aym. Sir, *I* expect no more, *I* come to give you a viſit, and to be happy in your ſociety; for in general, *I* find none that can ſuit my diſpoſition ſo well as your ſelf.

A. Sir, ſay what you pleaſe of me, *I* am vowed to your ſervice, and your loving viſitation is an addition to your many other kindneſſes.

A. Sir, all that *I* acknowledge, is a will to do you ſervice; but *I* have been ſlow in producing the effects hereafter *I* will ſtudy to deſerve.

A. Sir, it is your ingenuous goodneſs to decline the acknowledgment of your own virtue and deſerts, far ſurpaſſing my merits; for it's *I* who am bound to be your Servant.

A. Sir, it is *I* that am obliged to you by many ſtrong ties of affection, from which the ſervice of my life cannot diſengage me: But *I* have treſpaſſed againſt manners, pray take the Chair.

A. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit firſt, for it is an honour for me to wait your pleaſure.

A. Sir, *I* am provided: But if it may not appear too much boldneſs, What was the Adamant that drew you, or occaſion that made you ſo kind to viſit my Lodging.

A. Sir, I ſhall tell you; I came not to borrow money, or force your good nature to any thing beyond civility, but only to keep our love and amity freſh, and in perfect ſtrength, by a viſit, and ſome conference.

A. Sir, You have choſen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends; beſides,

ſides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

A. Sir, I will chooſe ſome other time to wait upon you.

A. Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place and hour where to meet you.

A. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble; it will become me rather to wait on you.

A. Pardon me, Sir, I am much obliged to you.

A. Sir, I am your Servant.

A. Sir, I am the Servant of your Servants: Pray remember my reſpects to all my Friends.

A. Sir, I will be yours in that and all other Services.

To Wooe a Fair Young Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, fair Creature, if I preſume to ſpeak what I have hitherto with much affliction concealed from your knowledge.

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly Beauty, and with his judgment clearly diſcerned your Vertues, the Ornaments of your mind; theſe have produced in him ſtrange effects, ſo that in ſpight of his own Reaſon, or diſſwaſion of Friends, he is violently compelled to ſpeak truth.

Penel. Sir, call you this an affliction? 'tis a happineſs to ſpeak and hear truth.

A.

A. Do you hold that Opinion? then I will convince you by your own expreſſions: for if it be a happineſs to hear truth, then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the ſtrength of my paſſion, I do truly tell you that I have placed my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly ſay, I love you.

P. Sir, I am ſorry that you have made me the Object of your Love: I know your Birth and Perſon may deſerve one of greater account, and therefore I am amaz'd at the unexpected Novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your Boſom had been free from any Flame: Let your wiſdom then ſuppreſs it, leſt your Love becomes fruitleſs in the event.

A. I will not be diſcouraged by your firſt Anſwer; for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your Servant; neither can it appear to you ſo ſtrange a matter, that I ſhould be taken with your Beauty which others admire, tho' it be my fortune only to be bolder than the reſt, and I hope not unwelcome.

P. Sir, I would not have you cheriſh any uncertain hope, nor build any aſſurance where you have but a ſandy foundation. Love cannot be compell'd, but muſt flow from the Spring of natural deſire: But I find in my ſelf no inclination to entertain your Affection; therefore you muſt pardon me if I deny your Suit, which is not in my power to grant.

A. Nothing is impoſſible to Love: for if you would believe that I bear a noble and conſtant affection towards you, you would ſoon overcome

come this difficulty, and incline your mind to reward my affection with your favour.

P. Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking under a fair and colourable pretence to betray me: I cannot force my self to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love-matters; therefore excuse me till time and consideration shall enforce me to answer your desire.

A. I am comforted that you have not utterly denyed my Suit, I hope at my next visit to receive more encouragement; Till then I take my leave, and presume only to breath my Heart upon your hand, or if you please, your lip, desiring you to remember me in my absence.

When one meeteth a Friend in the Street.

Alex. GOD save you Sir, you are most happily met. How fare you?

Clor. Sir, I am the better to see you well and lusty: Why will you not do me the honour to visit me at my Chamber?

A. Sir, I must confess I have often broke promise therein; but my business would not permit me, otherwise I had long since waited on you.

C. I should rather account my self obliged to wait on you, for I am bound unto you for many favours, especially for the last Courtesie you did me in a matter which concerned me much.

much. Will you now do me the kindneſs to preſent my reſpects to a Gentlewoman?

A. Sir, if ſhe be honeſt, I am ready to go on your Errand; I hope you will not put me upon a diſgraceful piece of Service.

C. I hope you have no ſuch bad Suſpition of me, for ſhe is both fair, and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble Wit; but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.

A. Sir, It is you whom *Mercury*, the god of Wit hath adorn'd with a gentle amorous ſpeech; but I will ſpeak in your behalf in as good moving effectual terms as I can remember.

C. Sir, you ſhall do me a moſt perfect favour. Tell her I am her ready and willing Servant, and that the Powers of Love have given her my Heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope ſhe will return me it, and till then keep it warm in her own boſom. But what need I inſtruct you who are all Love and Courtſhip?

A. Sir, I will perform your Command, tho' not in ſuch words as you deſire; yet ſo as my ſudden *Genius* ſhall prompt me; But I have heard it ſaid,

That in the way of Love and Glory,
Lovers beſt tell their own Story.

C. Sir, pardon me, I know whom I do intruſt with this buſineſs: I am aſſured of your Fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind

in

in a powerful manner, eſpecially to Gentlewomen.

A. Sir, It muſt be my Love to you that will inſpire me; for I promiſe you I will ſtrive to ſpeak my beſt.

C. Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Miſtreſs will prepare thanks for this great piece of Service, and reſt, yours obliged.

A. Sir, it is but my Duty, and I am happy to be employed in any Service that concerns you. Suppoſe this done.

To Court a Gentlewoman in the way of Marriage.

Eugenius. MIſtreſs, I doubt not but that you will judge me as raſh as bold; but I beſeech you by your Divine Beauty, which gliſtereth in your fair Eyes, to excuſe my audacity, and pardon my temerity, which hath emboldned me to come and preſent unto you my moſt humble, and moſt affectionate Service.

Cælia. Sir, I am ſorry that I have not the honour to know you, and marvel that you will offer Service to me moſt unworthy.

E. Miſtreſs, it is the ſweetneſs of your natural goodneſs that cauſeth you to ſpeak ſo humbly of your ſelf.

C. Pardon me, Sir, I ſpeak nothing but what I know to be moſt clear truth.

E. La-

E. Lady, the ſingular Modeſty which I have heard you expreſs in your language, gives me hopes that you will entertain my intentions, not as harſh and diſconſonant, but agreeable and conſonant, and that in time I ſhall obtain your grace and favour.

C. Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with ſuch expreſſions you honour your ſelf.

E. Miſtreſs, you are pleaſed thus to oblige me to a greater eſtimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate toward you: I therefore beſeech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwiſe than chaſte and virtuous, and that I never had any other end than honeſty. Did you think me to have framed ſome deſign prejudicial to your honour? I had rather loſe my being, than entertain any ſuch thought, ſo firm is my reſolution for ever to continue your faithful and moſt obedient Servant, as the effects ſhall make evident whenſoever your commands ſhall call upon me.

C. I humbly thank you Sir with my beſt affection, as alſo for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits ſuch favours, I being your very humble Servant.

E. Lady, it is I that am ſo deeply engaged to you, that I am diſabled to quit my ſelf of the obligation; and therefore, (moſt fair Miſtreſs) I beſeech and conjure you to make uſe of my ſervice and me in whatſoever you ſhall judge me acceptable to ſerve you, and in the

mean

mean time, after a million of recommendations, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my Heart with you, as an Hoſtage, and pledge of fidelity and conſtancy.

C. Farewell Sir, I give you humble thanks for this your loving Viſit.

E. I hope to ſee you again, and very ſpeedily, where for the preſent I muſt leave you.

C. Sir, ſo far as your intentions continue good, and your ſuits lawful, you ſhall always find the doors open to Gentlemen like your ſelf, who ſhall not want the beſt entertainment, according to my ability; and in that regard you ſhall no oftner come than welcome.

E. Lady, I do aſſure you, that I now go to be abſent from the bright day, and confine my ſelf into an abyſs of Melancholick darkneſs: For I dare be bold to proteſt unto you, that without you I enjoy not the light: And therefore all the time of this ſad abſence will be ſo tedious to me, that moments will be hours, hours days, and days ages, unleſs it be ſo, that the experience of being in your favour be my ſole conſolation, which will arm me with a reſolute patience.

C. You ſpeak ſtrong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not ſo paſſionate as your words pretend: Farewell Sir, till our next meeting.

E. Miſtreſs, you do wrong to your Beauty, and my Love, which is faithful and loyal; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; and ſeeing neceſſity conſtrains me

me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes have darted in my Soul: And ſo Lady, adieu till my next review, which I aſſure you ſhall be as ſoon as poſſible I can.

Upon her Abſence.

Eugenius. I Proteſt to you, my faireſt, I could never have believed that the torment of true affection could have been ſo miſerable: for I dare ſwear to thee by thoſe fair eyes, the Stars of my Fortunes, that I dwelt with impatience and ſorrows till I ſaw you.

C. It is impoſſible, Sir, ſurely I can hardly believe it.

E. Miſtreſs, I beſeech you to believe it, if you pleaſe; for I aſſure you that I could no longer endure, nor ſupport the violent and troubleſome tedioufneſs which I endur'd in the time of your long abſence, the object of my good, and ſole content, being removed.

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you ſeem very paſſionate in your expreſſions.

E. I proteſt that it is impoſſible for me to take any complacency in the World, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aſpect of your rare form, and moſt excellent Beauty.

C. It pleaſeth you to term it ſo; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one

one that enjoyeth not the leaſt glimpſe of beauty in her ſelf.

E. Wherein, my deareſt, ſhould you conceive ſo of me? I do aſſure you with the better part of my Soul, that I ſhould be miſerable, did I not really ſpeak what my affections ſuggeſt as truth: Know, Lady, that you ſee a man that is wholly yours, and deſerves not to live, but for you, and to do you ſervice; yet that which troubleth me moſt, is, that of neceſſity I muſt abſent my ſelf from you upon very urgent occaſions, but I beſeech you to believe and conceive ſo of me, that whitherſoever I go, I ſhall carry with me the lively lineaments of your perfections, and that I ſhall not live but by the Idea of your beauty, with perfect reſolution of obeying you; and therefore (my ſweeteſt) adieu for a while, and for the preſent have me excuſed that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your moſt deſired company, but muſt take my leave abruptly.

C. I infinitely thank you, and bid you alſo farewel, wiſhing you a ſafe return.

An Enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a Friend, taking a long Journey.

SIr, I am very ſorry that my affairs compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received ſo many benefits, which have bound me in as many ties ever to ſerve you; neither have I any way left to ſatisfie my ſelf in requiting your former kindneſſes, but to acknowledge them far above my requital, and to deſire

deſire you that you would both receive the tender of my humble ſervice, and command me in ſomething whereby I might expreſs how much I honour your deſert.

Sir, I cannot chuſe but grieve that you muſt now be divided from us by a tedious Journey; yet ſince he loves himſelf better than his Friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good, I am content in that reſpect to loſe your company a while, wiſhing you a proſperous Journey, and that in your abſence you would remember me, who will alwaies in my daily prayers ſolicite Heaven for your ſafe return, deſiring to be excuſed for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you deſirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my deſert; for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, I entreat you make not ſo great haſte to be gone.

Sir, I could willingly defer my Journey to enjoy your company, but the wind ſtands fair for *France*, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since we muſt diſpenſe with your departure, do us the courteſie to revive our drooping minds with the good tydings of your ſafe arrival in *France*.

Sir, Be aſſured I cannot be unmindful of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I intreat you to commend me, ſince I cannot take my leave of them in particular. Sir,

Sir, I am glad you will do me that favour, to give me any employment in your abſence, I will perform your deſires.

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my Ship, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, tho' on my part undeſerved.

Sir, I am happy to ſerve you in any thing: God ſend you a proſperous Voyage.

Sir, I doubt not but *I* ſhall arrive in ſafety; trouble your ſelf no farther, ſince *I* cannot remain with you to requite your kindneſs.

Sir, ſince you will needs have it ſo, *I* will bid you farewell, with all the affection of a conſtant mind.

To Invite one to Dinner.

Alex. PRay let me prevail ſo far with you, as to entreat your Company to Dinner.

Clav. Sir, *I* humbly thank you for your Courteſie; but my buſineſs will not permit me, therefore *I* deſire to be excus'd.

Alex. Nay, good Sir, let me not be denyed: *I* muſt confeſs indeed, our Chear will not be worthy of your ſtay, but you ſhall be heartily welcome.

C. Sir, *I* ſhould willingly obey your deſire, but *I* fear to be too bold.

A. Sir, you ſhall be moſt welcome, and command in my houſe as in your own.

C. Your offer is ſo large and courteous, that *I* muſt yield to wait on you, for you have overcome me in Ceremony, but you will draw upon your ſelf many inconveniencies.

A. Sir, You will find but courſe fare; but ſuch as it is, pray eſteem your ſelf moſt heartily welcome to, in a real manner, without complements.

C. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your ſelf to excuſe your chear, whereof there is ſo great abundance, that unleſs you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah*'s Ark, *I* know not how it could be exceeded.

A. It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing; but pray excuſe me, once more *I* deſire it: if *I* had been certain of your honouring my houſe with your preſence, *I* would have made better preparation for your entertainment.

C. Sir, *I* deſire you rather to excuſe my boldneſs in putting you to ſo much trouble: You may perceive that *I* think my ſelf welcome by my liberal feeding. *I* am no mincing Bride, whoſe thoughts of eating are taken away with the conceit of the night following.

A. *I* beſeech you ſpare not: *I* am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant, and to encreaſe your mirth, *I* will drink to you a Health in Wine, in hope you will pledge me.

C. Sir, They ſay there is truth in Wine, and if there be truth in Wine, *I* will find it out, let the Health be never ſo deep.

A. I

A. I thank you for doing me this piece of Juſtice: I pray ſee if you can make up a Dinner, otherwiſe I know not how to be excuſed for inviting you.

C. Sir, to decline Ceremony, you have moſt worthily feaſted me, and honoured me ſo much that I muſt ever acknowledge your exceeding Bounty and Courteſie.

Ceremonies *at ſitting down at a* Table.

A. GEntlemen, pray take your places, I know not how to direct you: But firſt let us waſh.

Gen. Gent. Be pleaſed to begin, for it is fit that we ſhould follow you.

A. In this matter Ceremonies are needleſs; but you will do nothing without an Example, and therefore I will begin.

Gen. Then in obedience to your deſire, we will waſh with you.

A. I beſeech you, Gentlemen, to ſave me a labour, and take your places.

Gen. Sir, we expect your ſitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.

A. Come, Mr. *Getting*, you are my old Acquaintance, you ſhall favour me to ſit here by me.

Gen. By no means, that is not my place; here's a Gentleman that deſerves to be ſeated there.

A. Sir, I have deſign'd you this place; pray let me rule you ſo far.

Gen. Sir, I ſhould be loth to be too troubleſome, and yet I would not preſume before my betters.

A. Sir, you are too full of Excuſe, you may yield to take your due place, otherwiſe I ſhould wrong you.

Gen. Sir, I beſeech you then to excuſe me, and account it your fault if I tranſgreſs the bounds of good manners in aſſuming a place far above my deſert, and which is of right belonging to theſe other Gentlemen.

A. We might have ſpared this Ceremony, for the Appetite loves good Dainties better than Complements. Now pray carve for your ſelves, you are kindly welcome.

Gen. Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in helping us; we know, that Manners will allow us to make a Dinner; we come to treſpaſs on you.

The Excuſe to his Friend *after* DINNER.

Alex. SIR, I deſire you to excuſe your mean fare, and ſlender entertainment, whereunto I have preſumed much to invite you: But I hope your ancient acquaintance, and good nature will procure my pardon, in that I have done

done this to enjoy your Company and Society; for your good diſcourſe is to me a Feaſt far exceeding any Dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. Your real kindneſs hath been ſuch, and ſo unexpected, that *I* cannot give you ſufficient thanks for your Courteſie and kind Entertainment: All that *I* can retribute, is to promiſe that I will ſnatch an opportunity to expreſs my Gratitude.

Alex. You have honoured me enough in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholſome to ſtir ſuddenly after dinner; let's diſcourſe; you are converſant abroad, what news do you hear?

Fr. Pardon me, Sir, the World runs round about me, whilſt *I* ſtand unmoved, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore *I* am altogether ignorant in novelties; it may be, you hear more.

Alex. Indeed Sir, *I* have ſo many affairs, that *I* can enquire after none: *I* thought you could have given us ſome good intelligence.

Fr. Sir, *I* deſire you to excuſe me, for *I* hold it a fruitleſs employment: But to ſatisfie your requeſt, if *I* knew any freſh News that were not yet in print, *I* ſhould be bold to acquaint you with it, ſince you deſire me.

Alex. *I* will not importune any further, but deſire your pardon that *I* ſhould impoſe on you the Office of an *Intelligencer*: Excuſe my intent therein, ſince what *I* deſired was to paſs away the time while we ſit: But now, if you pleaſe we will riſe.

Fr. Sir, then *I* moſt really thank you; you have made me bold with you: *I* will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.

To offer Service *to a Young* MAID.

Aym. SEeing you are alone, *I* would willingly attend on you, if you pleaſe to accept of my Service.

Maid. It is more than *I* deſire or deſerve, and it would appear boldneſs in me to accept of a Strangers company: For it is not for me to entertain all ſhews and offers of kindneſs, *I* can but thank you for your good will, *I* am not far diſtant from my own home.

Aym. I pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in ſome diſcourſe: Reſolve me one queſtion; Were you ever in Love?

Maid. Tho' it be no manners to anſwer one queſtion with demanding another, yet will *I* preſume to ask you, if you were never in Love?

A. Fair one, from thence ſprings my unhappineſs, *I* am too forward in theſe deſires: *I* have beheld many Beauties, but you have prevailed more than the reſt, to conquer my Affection; and *I* muſt acknowledge, that in meeting you, *I* have met Death or Life.

M. Pray,

M. Pray ſpeak in plain terms, *I* am ignorant of your meaning.

A. I deſire you then, know and believe, that *I* am already far in Love with you: and hope you will not ſcorn my ſudden motion, if *I* ſhould deſire you to reward my Love with your favour. And by the way, let me intreat you to think that Heaven hath appointed our ſtrange accidental meeting, and gave me boldneſs to petition your favour and affection, which *I* hope you will grant.

M. Sir, *I* know not in this caſe how to give an anſwer that may procure your content; yet *I* deſire you to importune me no farther, but grant me time to conſider your motion, and this is my Father's Houſe, whither if you pleaſe to come hereafter, I will ſtrive to reſolve you, howſoever you ſhall be welcome.

A. But before I loſe your preſence, which is my chiefeſt happineſs, let me tell you, that when you go, you bear my Heart away with you, and I ſhall only languiſh in ſorrow till I viſit you again.

M. Pray Sir, do not hold me any longer in diſcourſe; there are many jealous eyes that watch an occaſion to expoſe me to Cenſures for maintaining with you ſuch an uſual familiarity: let me intreat you as you tender my Credit, to leave me.

A. I muſt obey you, honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhadow, and return again to wait on you who are the ſubſtance of my Life.

To confer with a Widow in an Amorous Wooing manner.

Aym. I Would entreat you, fair Widow, not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and virtuous carriage in your Huſbands life-time, hath made me bold to plead for Affection, and cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhould obtain your approbation.

Wid. Sir, I would not have you imagine that my Love to my former Huſband was written in a Table-book, the Letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain, to inform me that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond Marriage.

A. Nay, Widow, I muſt acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off with the remembrance of your ſaid Huſband; but will you always puniſh your ſelf, and faſt from the joys of Marriage?

W. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me give you hope of obtaining my love; alas! ſince his departure, I am dead unto the world, and only live to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a Huſband.

A. His goodneſs is gone with him; but for my part, I will be your loving, active Servant: Come,

Come; come, put off grief and falſe imaginations of honouring the dead; for if his Soul were capable of any knowledge concerning earthly matters, he would rejoice to ſee you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplied in the ſame kind after his death.

W. You ſpeak unhappily: But pray be ſatisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I reſpect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

A. For other matters, I am ſatisfied; but your Love is the Mark whereat I aim: Why would you thus ſtrive to become a Virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your ſelf ſo dull of apprehenſion; I am come to offer ſervice in the right kind, and therefore you are very much to blame in refuſing the tender of my reſpects.

W. You ſpeak myſteries: But I deſire, if you love me, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſuit; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſs, and of no effect.

A. I cannot believe but that I ſhall be more fortunately happy to obtain your favour; for words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.

W. Perſwade your ſelf to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to think ſo; yet I will ever re-

ſpect you, and be ready to do you any lawful courteſie.

A. Well, I thank you that I have ſo far thrived in my ſuit, I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.

W. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation, and had I known your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe ſo long with you: *I* muſt leave your company.

A. Let me rather take my leave, and ſeal a kiſs upon your lips, until *I* viſit you again, for no mortal Widow ſhall diſcourage me, but *I* will come again with more reſolute affections.

To excuſe an OFFENCE *offered to a* GENTLEWOMAN.

Aym. I Muſt acknowledge *I* was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſs from you, in the preſence of other friends, but *I* pray you excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Pen. Sir, it was ſo great a treſpaſs, and ſo directly aimed againſt my fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.

A. *I* cannot exceed the limits of forgiveneſs; or if your wrath muſt not be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoin me ſome penance, as great as your

your anger, whereby *I* may recover your loſt favour, and make it appear, how ſorry *I* am ſo committing ſo raſh an offence.

P. Nay, you may enjoy that kiſs violently took from me before ſo many witneſſes, but never any more.

A. *I* muſt confeſs it was my raſhneſs, but if you will that *I* repay it back again, *I* will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you never to offend you in the like kind.

P. Well, ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and ſhew unfeigned ſorrow, *I* muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more careful of my credit, and never repeat ſo bold an attempt.

A. You have charmed me to obedience, ſince your words are a Law which I dare not tranſgreſs; for I am in all things your obſequious Servant.

The Lovers Farewell.

Leonara. ALas Sir! is this the hour wherein the ſevere rigour of your abſence muſt eclipſe my days of their bright beams? O how this ſad news doth fire my ſpirits! and not without reaſon, ſince you (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a merciful eye on my ſufferings for your abſence.

Floreſtan.

Floreſtan. Miſtreſs, fear not, but reſt aſſured, that as long as Life will give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſs, never ſhall any other have power over me; do me only this favour, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you will be pleaſed to render me ſome real promiſes of yours. Beſides, I proteſt to you, Lady, I will never acknowledge other light than yours, no more than the Earth doth any other than the Sun and Moon.

L. Sir, they are no falſe Promiſes that I have made you, but true Aſſurances, drawn from my Heart by the force of Paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their natural inclinations, than in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the Reſolution I have made to love you; Heaven it ſelf be my Witneſs.

F. If, Miſtreſs, you love me thus, let your mind be confident of an equal truth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my Soul for a pledge, and my Heart for a ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept of this ſmall gift, not as a thing worthy, but only as a Teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and love towards you, it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be more commendable in you to accept of it.

L. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall, do beſeech you to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is

of

of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who henceforth ſhall not live, but through your ſole remembrance.

F. Thanks to you, ſweeteſt, the gift truly is pleaſing to me, but the giver much more.

L. But Sir, is there no means to ſtay you for a little time, that I may enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me inſtead of light and life; therefore your abſence will invelope me with darkneſs, and bring upon me, poor Soul that *I* am, a thouſand grievous deaths.

F. Miſtreſs, I hope not ſo; for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſs, to depart hence.

L. O! I ſee now too well, that that Conſtancy of yours which I truſted to for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent vent to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſighs and tears, as true Teſtimonies of the ſorrows I have to ſee my ſelf about to be forſaken by him by whom only I breathe.

F. Miſtreſs, I ſwear unto you, my Heart is alike touched with ſuch ſtrokes for this our parting, that *I* can hardly breathe for grief, and do already ſee *I* have loſt my ſelf, in the loſs of the ſight of your ſtar-like Beauty. For *I* am ſure, that once abſent from your luminous aſpect, each pleaſure will be to me a ſubject of grief and ſorrow. However, ſince it will not be otherwiſe, *I* ſhall ſo part with you, as that my life ſhall ever be at your ſervice;

vice; and ſo farewell, dear Miſtreſs, live ſtill happy and content, whileſt *I* languiſh unfortunate, tho' moſt conſtant; let not then my remoteneſs alter your mind, more than it ſhall ſhake the reſolution *I* have long ſince made, to live and die yours; as for my own part, *I* ſhall not think my ſelf abſent from you, ſo long as *I* am lodged in your heart and memory.

L. Farewel Sir, you poſſeſs my Soul, and I do even leave it in your power, conſerve it for a more happy ſeaſon than this of parting; And in the mean ſpace, have pity of all the ſharp griefs, which the meer apprehenſion of your abſence, makes me already feel ſo vehemently; for I think it very ſtrange to leave you, whoſe company is dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this diſcourſe, I beſeech you ſir, and let me conjure you by the ſweetneſs of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in reſpect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your abſence; for in reading of your Letters, I ſhall perſwade my ſelf that I am not wholly deprived of you, or loſt to your memory.

F. I vow to you Miſtriſs, I will ſend you ſo many Letters for Confirmation of my Loyalty, and the love I bear you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to miſtruſt. And as the Divine Creator, hath made you the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed, that he alſo make you the moſt pitiful to retain me in your moſt de-

ſired

ſired favour, that I may be able continually to witneſs how violent my affections are towards you, ſhall be my daily prayer.

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithful to me, as I am to you, and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me, but what ſhould I ſay more? I muſt ceaſe to remember you of the force and heat of my affection, but not to intreat you to pity my Martyrdom; and whereſoever you are, to be mindful of me. And ſo once more I entreat the Deity to grant you ſuch proſperity, that your Fortune may parallel your perfection.

EPI-

EPISTLES AND LETTERS OF Several Sorts:

Viz. Serious, Complemental, Amorous, Jocular, and, Proverbial.

Wherein the Art of Inditing LETTERS is Briefly and Exactly Diſplay'd.

The Conceited Poetaſter to his Lady.

Curious Wonder of Nature's Sweat,

SInce my Eyes were bleſs'd with the ſight of your unparalell'd Self, my Muſe can find no Subject to work upon, but your Perfections Tranſcendent; and great *Jupiter* grant, that

that I may be felicitated here on Earth with no other ſublunary Happineſs, but the Fruition of your admired Perſon. There is no Poem that I compoſe, no Song that drops from my Pen, no Sonnet that I ſing, but the Burthen of it is, O Powers above, favour me with her Embraces; and I'l ranſack Heaven, Earth, and Sea, for Rarities to gratifie your humour. If you are reſolv'd an *Hide*-Park Diverſion, *Pegaſus* ſhall be your Steed, and grow proud of his worthy Weight; The Graces ſhall attend on you as a Retinue, with the nine Muſes, and *Venus* her ſelf ſhall obey you: if you fancy Liquors at any time, you ſhall have *Ben Johnſon*'s Skul fill'd with the nobleſt Blood of the *Spaniſh* Vine; and if that diſguſt, you ſhall have an over-flowing Cup fill'd with the pureſt *Nectar*, ſuch as *Ganymed* us'd to ſkink to *Jove*. My Pen ſhall eternize your Name, and render it more odoriferous than *Eaſtern* Spices to future Ages; Fame's Roll ſhall regiſter your Demerits eveſlaſtingly, in ſpite of the Iron Teeth of Time; and maugre the inveteracy of ſnarling Envy, or curriſh Malice, ſhall be recorded to Perpetuity. This he promiſeth, and much more, who upon hopes of Matrimonial Copulation, aſſumes the boldneſs to Subſcribe himſelf,

Your Hyperbolical Servant.

The

The Lady's Reply.

Heliconian Son of the Muſes,

SHould *I* call *Hymen* to tye the Knot of Marriage between you and *I*, and ſhake Hands with my Virginity, *I* ſhould run out of a Showre of Rain into a River. Let me for the preſent put ſome ſuch inconſiderable Queries as theſe to you: How ſhall your Debts be paid, if any credulous Man hath the Faith to truſt you? Will Verſes clear Scores? *Hexameter*, *I* fear, is no Sterling in this *Iſland*; the Coin ſtamp'd in the Mint of the Brain goes not for Current here; Meetre can't cancel Bonds, nor Rythm wipe out Chalk; nay, nor the nine Muſes Bail their Darling-Poet in a litigious Action of poor nine Shillings; nor would your *Elyſium*, *Tempe*, *Parnaſſus*, nor all the rich Streams of Golden *Tagus* and *Paſtolus* redeem an inconſiderable Mortgage: Theſe are but Chimera's and Phantômes, the Offſpring of Fancy and *Imagination*. *Orpheus* (tho' he could Beaſts) cannot move a hard-hearted Creditor to Compoſition or Clemency: Odes, Elegies, Epigrams, *&c.* are not worth one *Engliſh* Croſs, nor will the Land-lord be content to be verſified out of his Quarter's Rent: Beſides, Sir, a little farther; when *I* lye in, (for *I* deſpair not of being once a Mother) you muſt not dodge with the Midwife, leſt the Child be caſt away; a ſecond Charge alſo comes

on

on before the Babe can be made a Chriſtian; and a third expence will be Churching the Mother. All theſe things ſeriouſly conſidered, (I muſt deal plainly with you) Sir, I cannot live by the Air of your Muſical Verſes: Were your Coffers as well fill'd as your Brain, and that you were capable of making a Jointure beſides that of Body to Body, (for an Annuity ſpells ſomething) then probably I might condeſcend to your deſires; but ſince 'tis otherwiſe, I wiſh you to deſiſt from your fruitleſs Paſſion; and remain,

More your Friend, than you are your own.

A Dwarf *Courting a Proper* Gentlewoman.

MADAM,

THo' there be a great Inequality between us as to our Stature, yet I preſume that will not obſtruct my earneſt deſire, which is, to be enroll'd in the number of your moſt obedient Servants. I beſeech you, Lady, let not the ſmallneſs of my perſon be objected in derogation of my worth; for Diamonds of the higheſt value are but little in ſubſtance; there are better Documents to be had out of Nature's *Decimo ſexto's*

ſexto's, the Ant, and Dove, than her largeſt *Folio*'s, the Whale and Elephant. You know, the maſſie-limb'd Giants aſſaulted Heaven, and *Jupiter*, being bladder'd up with Pride and Ambition; and *Goliah*, we all know, was ſlung to death by little *David*. That which is excellent in us, is very little; Wit, Honeſty is very little; nay, Nature, the Mother of us all, is content with little. Of the four parts of the World, *Europe* is the leaſt, and moſt fertile: There is often found much in little. In ſhort, who deſires not to be in debt as little as may be? and moſt men promiſe much, and effect little: Little boldneſs is commendable, or at leaſt excuſable; and certainly, Renowned Lady, if there be any thing in the whole Univerſe worth relying on, it is very little. Thus, Madam, hoping I have freed my Stature from Scandal, I preſume you will admit me as a Suitor, who am,

Your Faithful Servant,

The Anſwer.

Diminutive Sir,

WHoſe petty Dimenſions make not up the tenth part of a Man, the Love which you pretend to me, cannot but be like your ſelf, very ſmall. Now, let me acquaint you, that

that I intend not to wed my ſelf to a *Punctum*, a meer Blot Rampant. It was undoubtedly ſuch as you that cauſed the firſt impoſition of *Microcoſme*, or little World upon Man. I am not for a ſecond Race of Pigmies, nor will I walk with one that every raſcally Boy will point at, and fleer out theſe words, There goes a Woman and her Huſband. I am paſt the Cradle and the Rattle, and intend not (being come to Maturity) to debaſe my ſelf ſo much as to venture a Fall with a Child. Rather than ſo, I'l follow *Diana* in the Woods, and preſerve my Chaſtity. A Maſtiff may very well ſerve you to ride out of Town, for a Hackney-Jade would ſcorn your ſilly burthen. Compendious Sir, notwithſtanding your Vindication, you muſt needs know, that men ſometime ſtumble at Straws, and leap over Blocks; therefore little offends as well as great. I could ſay more of this Subject, but I affect ſhortneſs to pleaſe you, and would not overcharge your Littleneſs.

I am,

Yours, &c.

A Letter conſiſting of Proverbs, *to a* Lady *who deſired him to* Marry, *upon which he ſent her this* Letter.

MADAM,

I Have conſider'd of your Advice, and diſlike it for theſe following Reaſons. There is ſomewhat to be ſaid for Marriage, but more againſt it, in my opinion. Tho' 'tis true, one Swallow makes not Summer. The Ingenious *Italian* indeed ſaith proverbially; that one Hair of a Woman draws more than a Yoke of Oxen; and the grave *Spaniard* much to the ſame purpoſe; That Buttocks in Bed draw more than Bulls in a Fallow; yet the aiery *Monſieur* diſcourageth me, who ſayes, A Man of Straw is worth a Woman of Gold; but the even-temper'd *Engliſh-man* ſaith much more; For tho' Marriages, they ſay, are made in Heaven, yet there is another croſs old Saying, Marriage and Hanging go by Deſtiny; and that choaks all my Deſigns with a Halter. I can ſpy day through a little hole, and ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as another: But however, Little ſaid is ſoon amended; and tho' you may ſay, A Fool's Bolt is ſoon ſhot, I leave the *Italian* to vindicate me from that Imputation, whoſe Pro-

verb

verb is this, Honeſt Men marry, but wiſe men don't; I'l leave you the Honeſty, and be content with the Wiſdom. But ſuppoſe I ſhould marry a fair Woman, then every Fly will have a lick at the Honey-Pot; if foul, then the Remedy's worſe than the Diſeaſe; and yet on the other ſide, *Jone* s as good as my Lady in the dark, and there is not ſo homely a *Gill*, but there is as homely a *Jack* that will at her. If ſhe be little, ſhe will be loud, and the little Pot ſoon boyls over; if black, proud; if one that hath caſt her Rider, a Widdow, then you muſt needs fall into a Quagmire wherein another was loſt; if one that hath nothing, Nothing hath no ſavour, and two bare Legs in a Bed will never maintain a Family; if one that has a Portion, upon the leaſt miſcartiage, I brought enough with me, but now thank your ill Huſbandry, the black Oxe hath trod on my foot, and I cannot keep the Wolf from the Door; you have piſt all againſt the Wall, and bare Walls (you know) make giddy Houſwives; if it had not been for you, I might have gone as fine as the beſt Dame in the Pariſh. Thus, according to the *French* Proverb, The Hen cackles louder than the Cock crows. The *Italian* ſaith, Commend a wedded Life, but keep thy ſelf a Batchelour; and he that marrieth doth well, but he that marrieth not, doth better; and the moſt favourable of all is, That next to a ſingle life, the married life is beſt: Therefore, to cloſe all, I'l continue firm as a Rock in this my Poſition; for I'm reſolv'd the gray Mare ſhall never be

the

the better Horſe; nor will I ever appear ſo much a Beaſt as to diſcover my Nakedneſs ſhameleſly, by permitting a Woman to wear the breeches. Thus I remain,

Yours Madam (Proverbially)
Wright or Wrong.

Her Anſwer.

Proverbial Sir,

I Receiv'd your Letter ſtuft up with old Saws and Proverbs very ill applied, and return you this Anſwer thereunto: Either ſpeak the Truth and ſhame the Devil, or keep your breath to cool your Pottage; for I think there is more to be ſpoken for Marriage than againſt it. Firſt, Marriage is honourable; and whereas you ſay, one *Swallow* makes not a Summer, 'tis true indeed, and I'le pay you in your Proverbial Coin, nor does one *Woodcock* make a Winter; apply that to your ſelf. A Man of Straw is better than a Woman of Gold, a Phantaſtick expreſſion of a more Phantaſtick *Frenchman*; to this the wiſeſt of Proverbialiſts replies, The price of a Woman is above Rubies, and conſequentially beyond the value of Gold, tho' the nobleſt Metal. You will make the old Proverb true in ſpite of my Teeth, and take no farther care, As long as you can get a Pint of

of Milk for a Penny, or eat a piece of a cut Loaf; you forget (as well as you are read in *Adages*) that a good Wife makes a good Husband, and tis better to marry than burn; and if you ſhould come to one of your deſtinies, Hanging, pray enter into Marriage firſt, becauſe a Woman's wit is beſt at a dead lift: You can't except againſt the charge of Matrimony, the old ſaying will encourage and bear you out, God never ſends Mouths, but he ſends Meat: 'Tis an ill bird (we uſually ſay) that defiles it's own Neſt, as you do; but what ſays *Scoggin?* —— I leave you to recollect that: and the homely *Adage* ſays, Would you have a Horſe ſh—Oats that never eat any? Boldneſs if not ſtretcht to Impudence is a commendable quality in a Man: I would ſtill adviſe you for your own good, venture to take a cup of Matrimony, as freely as you do your Claret, and then you wou'd have a better Soul, and not ſo rich a face; and the *Adage* encourages you too, nothing venture, nothing have: I wiſh I clinch not too home Proverbially and Prophetically too; A Whore will bring a Man to a Morſel of Bread. Put not your Sickle into another Mans Corn, leſt you blunt the edge, or loſe it: Two heads are better than one; and the Pot goes not ſo often to the water, but it comes broken home at laſt; beſides, you know, 'tis better late than never: Take what deliberation you pleaſe; for as the *Italian* ſays, A ſoft pace goeth far; Moderation is a commendable thing, but you are ſo

haſty, that a Dog would not live with you; much leſs a Wife, unleſs you mend your manners. Take heart at graſs, chear up, be of good courage; A Black Woman is Proud, Little Loud, *&c.* you ſay: Tittle Tattle, give the Gooſe more Hay; what a fair Forehead our Cat has now! But I ſay, Black and Comely, Little and Active, *&c.* Thus I have confronted you with Proverbs, tho' I have affronted your Sex and Perſon, as well as you have mine; 'tis but *Lex talionis*, the Law of Equity, or as the old Wife ſaid, *Tit* for *Tat*, when ſhe farted againſt Thunder: If you are offended, turn the Buckle of your Girdle behind you, for I value you not of a Farthing; and he that is angry without a cauſe muſt be pleas'd without amends. Thus Good-man Two-ſhooes, I have done with you, and your Sententious Epiſtle; only I will be ſo mannerly, as to bid you mannerleſs, Fare-ill and be hang'd, that's twice God E'w'y'.

T. B.

A Letter of a Loving Father to his Son before his Death.

My Son,

THou art now coming into the World, that *I* am going out of; and yet before my departure I thought good to write a few lines unto thee, which are (I hope) needful

ful for thee, whilſt thou liveſt in it. I know thou wilt not break thy Bread all in a houſe, feed always of one Diſh, nor live always in one place; and therefore, let me give thee a little kind admonition in this ſhort Letter, for thy Carriage in all courſes: the Court is a place of more charge than eaſe, the City of more pleaſure than worth, and the Countrey ſports of more pleaſure than profit; yet is there no Service like the King's, no Dwelling like the City's, nor Pleaſure like the Countrey's; but all the weight of the worth of them, is in the hand of Wiſdom, who in the knowledge of the uſe of them, makes the beſt eſtimate of them: but leſt I be too tedious, and long Leſſons may overcharge the Memory, take this one Rule for thy Learning, in all, and thou ſhalt find it good in more than a few. Whereſoever thou goeſt, note the beſt, chooſe the beſt, and keep the beſt; be not buried in the Earth before thou comeſt to thy Grave, nor build Caſtles in the Air, leſt they fall down upon thy Head; let not thy Eye abuſe thy Heart, nor thy Tongue thy Will, and let reaſon govern thy Will in all the paſſages of thy Nature; be neither needy nor ungrateful, uncourteous nor unkind, and examine thy Conſcience in the care of thy content; ground thy Love upon Vertue, thy Hope upon Reaſon, and thy Happineſs upon Grace; live as a ſtranger in the World, and make what haſte thou canſt to Heaven; be Loyal to thy Prince, Natural to thy Countrey, Faithful to thy Friend, Kind to thy Neighbour, and Honeſt to the whole World; ſo ſhall God bleſs

thee, the Beſt love thee, and the Worſt not prejudice thee. Thus, tho' weak in Body, I ſend theſe few lines of Fatherly love unto thee, with my Prayers to the Lord of Heaven for thy Preſervation in this World, and Eternal Happineſs in the World to come; with my Love, Bleſſing, and therewith what I am able to leave thee, to the merciful guard of Heaven I commit thee, and reſt,

Thy Loving Father, &c.

His Anſwer.

Loving Father,

THis Legacy of your Love for Direction of my Life, how much I prize it in my Hearts thankfulneſs, the Eye of your Judgment ſhall behold in my obſervation; and give me leave to tell you, that in this little time that I have ſpent idle in the World, I have had ſome taſte of the Meat you have given me; where I find, that the beſt food may be ſpoyl'd in the dreſſing, whil'ſt a cunning Cook will make a rich ſervice of ſmall coſt; and tho' giddy heads are in love with gaudy toyes, yet the better ſort of opinions eſteem a ſmall Diamond before a great Saphire: I care not if I rather adventure far for the honour of Vertue, than leſſen my Eſtate by breach of arms; and ſeeing there are ſo many coun-

counterfeits, that the beſt Jewel may be miſtaken, I will meddle with no ſuch wares as may call repentance to an after reckoning: while my heart looketh toward Heaven, I hope the Earth ſhall not blind my Eyes, nor the vain delights of Nature prevail againſt the vertues of reaſon; but all is in the power of powers, by whoſe grace being guided, I ſhall be ever ſo preſerved, that tho' my heart may be wounded, yet I hope I ſhall never be confounded: In hope whereof, and unto the which beſeeching the Almighty, either in health to prolong your days, or in the election of his love, to call you to a better Life, more eſteeming theſe precepts of your love than all the portion you can leave me, ſaving your bleſſing; I humbly take my leave, and reſt,

Your moſt obedient Son till death.

A Letter to a Friend to borrow Money.

Sir,

IF Borrowing of Money be not a breach of Friendſhip, let me intreat your patience to open your Purſe; I am loth to be too troubleſome in making many words, where ſuch affable gentleneſs' out-paſſeth all merit; a preſent occaſion puts me to the adventure of your kindneſs, the matter is not much, yet it will at this time pleaſure me, as much as ſo much may do;

the ſumm five Pounds, the time three Months, my Credit the Aſſurance, and hearty thanks the Intereſt. Thus without troubling the Scrivener, I hope my Letter will be of ſufficient power to prevail with your love, intreating your preſent Anſwer; in the affection of an honeſt heart I commit you to the Almighty;

Yours, or not his own.

His Anſwer.

Sir,

IF your Friendſhip were a follower of fortune, I would have but a little Life in this World; the contents of your Letter hath put me to a ſtrict account of my Eſtate, how I may help you and not hurt my ſelf; I could make many excuſes, but that they taſt of ſmall comfort, and therefore knowing time to be precious, and to avoid delayes, let this ſuffice; your requeſt is granted, and the Money I have ſent you, not doubting your Credit, and will take your word for a bond, and for the uſe, (without abuſe) I wiſh but requital upon the like occaſion. Sir I am glad that in this, or any thing in my power, I may make proof of my love: I reſt in the ſame,

Yours, or not mine own, &c.

A.

A Love-Letter to a Worthy Gentlewoman.

Fair Miſtreſs,

IF I had no eyes, I ſhould not like you, and if not wit, I ſhould not love you; for the brightneſs of your Beauty is for no blind Sight to gaze upon, nor the worthineſs of your Vertue for no weak Brains to beat upon; if you ſay I flatter you, look into your ſelf, and do me no wrong; and if I do you right, chide not Affection for a diſcovery, where Truth is honourable: Pardon my preſumption if it exceed your pleaſure, and commend his Service who will make an honour of your favours: So, intreating your patience for an anſwer to my poor Letter, until I hear from you,

I reſt,

Yours Devoted, &c.

Her Anſwer.

SIR,

IF your Wit go with your Eyes, your Brains may be on the out-ſide of your Head, and then if you deceive your ſelf, I hope you will

not blame me: Colours are but Shadows, and may be full of Illuſions, and the worthineſs of Vertue may be a reach above the World's Reaſon; yet the diſcovery of Affection may be more in words than in matter, eſpecially where Diſcretion ſounds the depth of Deſert, tho' the honour of Truth be worth regard; where there is no fault, there needs no pardon, and therefore, without trouble of Patience, finding no cauſe of diſpleaſure, I thus conclude: Love hath a Priviledge to be at the Command of Kindneſs, in which I reſt to wiſh you much Happineſs;

Your well-willing Friend, &c.

A Letter *from a* Lady *to a* Gentleman, *whom ſhe called her* Servant, *for the preferring of a* Gentlewoman *unto her*.

Servant,

I Have often ſpoken unto you for that you muſt needs do for me. I am going to the Court, and ſhall have great uſe of a Gentlewoman to attend me. I know you have many Kinſwomen and Acquaintance, amongſt whom you may find one to fit me; I will take her at your hand, and regard her for your ſake; and if

if her deſerts anſwer my deſires, ſhe ſhall loſe no love in my favour; and therefore leaving this truſty Charge to the care of your diſcreet Kindneſs, as you will expect a greater Courteſie at my hands,

I reſt,

Your Loving Miſtreſs, &c.

His Anſwer.

Good Madam,

YOu ſpoke unto me to help you to a Gentlewoman, which, with my Letter, I have here ſent you; a Woman, and Genteel, who, I hope, will not be altogether unworthy of your Entertainment: For her Perſon, ſhe is not deformed, nor her Face of the worſt Feature; ſhe is neither blear-ey'd, nor tongue-ty'd: And for her Qualities, I hope ſhe can do more than make a Courtſie, and bluſh. Her Parentage is not bare, nor her breeding idle; and for her Diſpoſition, I hope it will be nothing diſpleaſing. To praiſe her in any Perfection, I dare not, but in all will leave her to the tryal of your Patience. So, wiſhing my dutiful Service in this, or what elſe may lye in my power, ſo fortunate as to deſerve your favour, and this Gentlewoman ſo gracious, as to gain the continuance of your good Opinion, in Prayer for your Health, and Heart's moſt wiſhed Happineſs, I take my leave at this time, but reſt all times,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt Humble Servant.

A Letter of Love *to an* Honourable LADY.

Honourable Madam,

IF Love were not above Reaſon, it would not be ſo highly ſeated, dwelling only in the Spirits of the beſt Underſtandings, and feeding the Heart only with the Fruits of an infallible Reſolution. What it is in its own Nature, hath been diverſly deſcribed, but, I think, never known, but unto them that inwardly know it. Some hold it a Riddle, that none can interpret but he that made it; But, if it be, as I have read of it, a Child, and Beauty begot it; I hope Nature will not be unkind to her own breed: How to prove Truth, the Honour in your Eyes, that have wrought my Heart to your Service, ſhall make known to your favour in the Happineſs of your Employment. So, craving pardon for my Preſumption, with Obedince to your Commands,

I Subſcribe my ſelf,

Your Lady-ſhip's in all Humility, &c.

Her Anſwer.

Worthy Sir,

IF Love be above Reaſon, it muſt be either divine, or deviliſh, and ſo regarded accordingly. What it is, I think, it is beſt known by the Effects of it, whoſoever idle Brains have

beaten

beaten about the Deſcription of it. Riddles are but Jeſts of Wit, and Miracles are ceaſed from being ſeen in our Age. But if it be a Child, tho' of a ſtrange Parentage, ſurely Nature will not ſuffer the Mother to be cruel to her own Breed: But if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children? Yet, leſt in miſconſtruing a Conceit I may miſtake a Content, ſince in the Secret of Nature may be a ſence of ſtrange Underſtanding, I will ſuſpend my Judgment, till I have made proof of my Opinion. When Eyes and Hearts meet together in diſcourſe, I hope the buſineſs will be ſoon ended that is referred to indifferent Judgments. So, till occaſion be offered of the performance of Employment, hoping that Vertue and Honour will ſoon agree upon ſure grounds, and till I ſee you,

I reſt,

Your Loving Friend, &c.

A Letter from a Sc in Priſon to his Mother, his Eſtate being waſted.

Dear Mother,

AS ever your Maternal Love hath hitherto been manifeſted unto me, ſo now I beſeech you, in this great Extremity, to extend it towards me: My Means are conſumed, my ſelf captivated, ready to periſh with want, and which way to turn me in this height of miſery I know not, but unto you, whoſe very careful reſpects of me have been ſuch that nought could (or

as

as yet I hope can) remove your Love from me: Wherefore, in pity of my preſent Miſery, I deſire you, good Mother, to take ſome courſe for my Enlargement: My Debts are not many, notwithſtanding, of my ſelf I am utterly unable to give Satisfaction; inſomuch, that unleſs you be pleas'd to commiſerate my condition I am utterly void of all hope of comfort or Enlargement. If therefore you will vouchſafe to ſet me at Liberty; my future duty and diligence ſhall obſequiouſly in ſuch ſort be manifeſted, that whatſoever hath heretofore been amiſs, ſhall be amended, to my good, and your comfort; whereof wiſhing you to be moſt aſſured, and expecting your comfortable Anſwer, I reſt,

Your Diſtreſſed Son, &c.

Her Anſwer.

Son,

I Am ſorry your folly hath brought you to ſuch extremity. Had you been heedful in your courſes, you might have prevented theſe diſaſters. Notwithſtanding, ſince miſery ought rather to be pitied than blamed, (eſpecially by a Mother) I will in this your extremity, in hope of your reformation, manifeſt a motherly love unto you. Your debts ſhall be paid, you ſet at liberty, and ſome ſpeedy courſe be taken for your future maintenance. If you will confirm what you have written, I will be with you to morrow; till then comfort your ſelf, and pray for,

Your Loving Mother, &c.

FINIS.

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Pearls of eloquence